Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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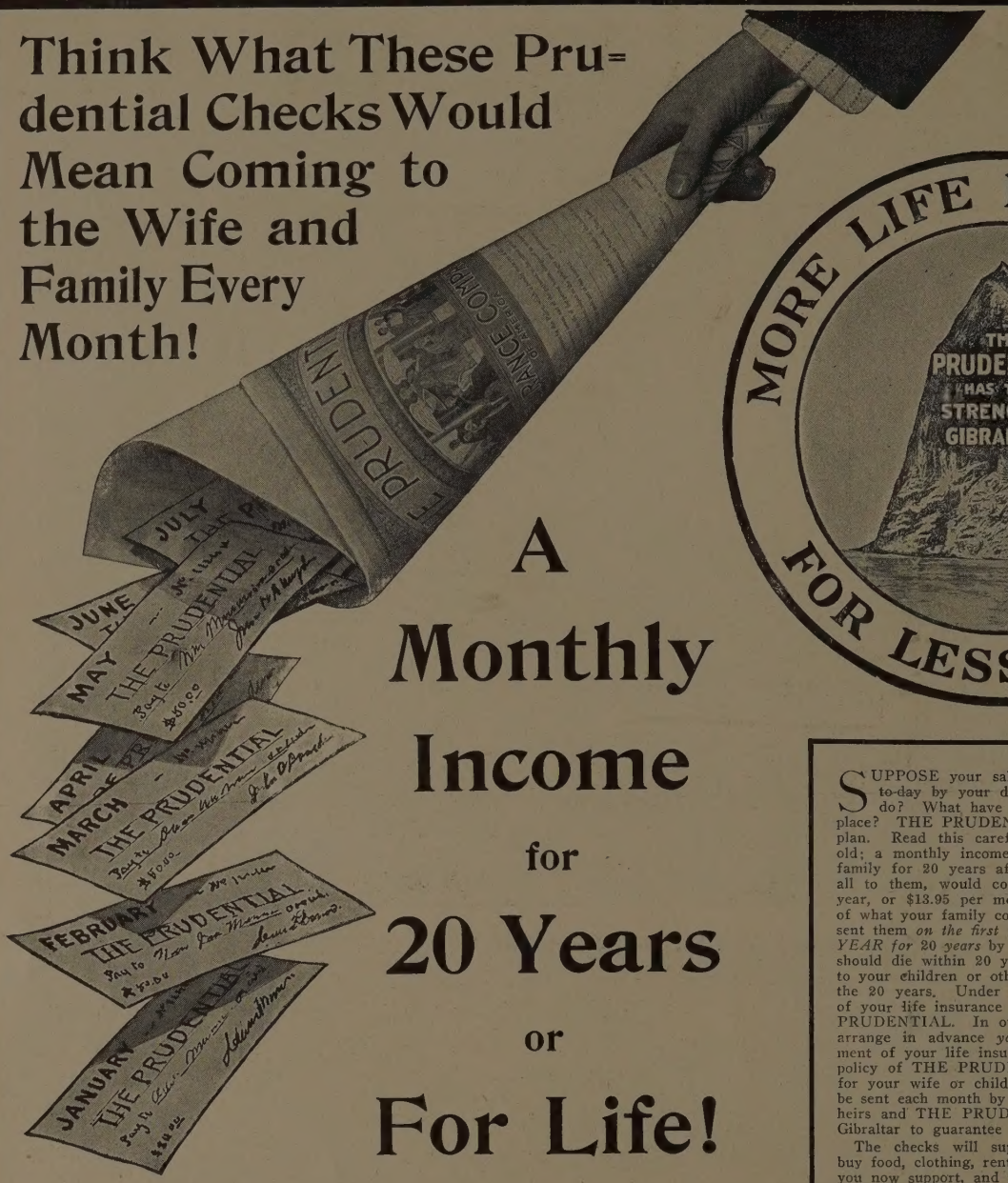

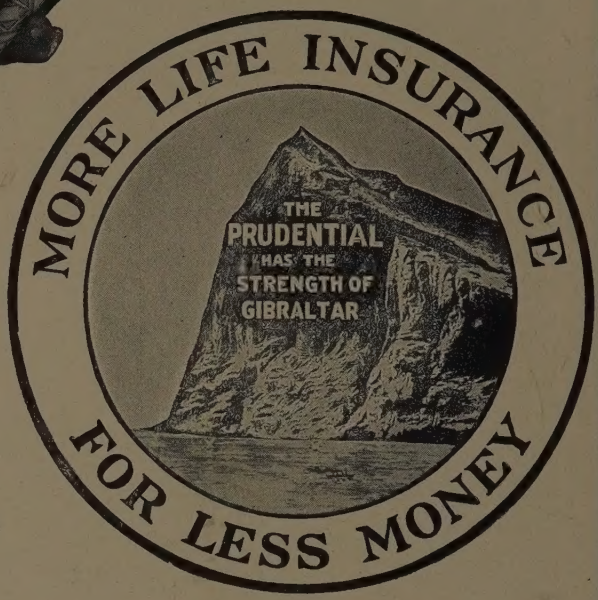

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THE THEATRE

VOL. VIII. OCTOBER, 1908 No. 92

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Rose Coghlan John Drew Mary Boland

SCENE IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY "JACK STRAW" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Hall George W. Howard Mary Mannering

Act II. Capt. Jerome Bonaparte: "I think you are the most beautiful woman in the world"

SCENE IN "GLORIOUS BETSY" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

The New Plays

BELASCO AND GARDEN THEATRES. "THE DEVIL." Drama in three acts by Franz Molnar. Produced Aug. 18. The cast at the Belasco was as follows:

The Devil	George Arliss		
Sandor Tatray	Hamilton Revelle	A Servant	C. P. Zell
Laszlo Voross	Herbert Budd	Jolan (Madame Voross)	Grace Elliston
Andre	J. Palmer Collins	Vilma	Emily Stevens
Fanny	Mrs. George Arliss		

The cast at the Garden was as follows:

Karl Mahler	Paul McAllister	Olga Hofmann	Dorothy Dorr
Heinrich	W. Chrystie Miller	Herman Hofmann	Frank Monroe
Mimi	Marion Lorne	The Devil	Edwin Stevens
Elsa Berg	Marguerite Snow		

The play of "The Devil" by Franz Molnar, the Hungarian dramatist, after having excited universal attention in Europe has been received here as something of a sensation, owing largely to the adventitious circumstances of its production by two different leading managers. The use of the Devil on the stage, whether as Mephistopheles or in whatever guise, is not new, but the treatment of the idea in this case is something distinctive. We have recently had "The Servant in the House," something entirely new in the way of the influence of the Divine Spirit; and here we have the exact opposite idea of an evil influence in a household. Heretofore, in plays in which the Devil has figured, the story has been fantastic or romantic, and the Devil has usually had his victim sign a compact. It is needless to make a comparison with other plays. It is sufficient to say that the idea receives new treatment. If this were not so it could hardly be a sensation. In Molnar's play the Devil provides only circumstances and makes crafty, helpful suggestions looking to evil results, but the real evil is in the hearts of the people. A young artist, at the request of the husband of a beautiful woman, is about to paint her picture. When the husband leaves them alone, at the studio of the artist, we discover that the two had been lovers. He is still eager to possess her, and she has realized the danger from her own inclinations, and, in order to dispose of their affair, she has arranged for his marriage to a lovely girl. For a little while their conduct, or what is to be their future relation, is in the balance, but they finally agree to pursue the course of strict honor. At this moment, the Devil arises from behind a high chair, which had concealed his presence, and from that moment he influences their conduct, until at the end

of the play they break faith with society and their personal obligations and abandon themselves to evil. This result is brought about by the Devil's own machinations in inflaming them with jealousy, various characters being used for this purpose. Naturally there is much sardonic humor on the part of the Devil. Some of the passages of this kind are very ingenuous. The Devil influences the wife to write a passionate letter to her lover, and takes great pleasure in manipulating this letter so that at one time it almost falls into the hands of the husband, in the presence of the wife, and at another time, against the will of the wife, is apparently delivered to the lover after her better conscience has counseled against the step it involved. The Devil has his own enjoyment in having returned to her another letter by mistake. She burns this letter, but immediately declares to her lover what its contents were. He doubts it, whereupon the Devil, who appears at this moment, produces the original letter, which proves her passionate asseveration, and this seals their fate. In the production by Mr. Fiske, at the Belasco Theatre, Mr. Arliss distinguishes himself by his subtlety, persuasiveness, sardonic humor and lightness of touch. At the Garden Theatre Mr. Edwin Stevens plays the Devil on broadly comic lines. At the Belasco Theatre the wife is played by Miss Grace Elliston; at the Garden Theatre by Miss Dorothy Dorr. They are capable enough, but it is unprofitable to make comparisons of the casts in the two plays. In the play itself the wife and the artist are not conventional figures, otherwise there would be no newness or value in the idea of the play whatever. Inasmuch as the Devil has a hand in the game, pure sentiment, sentimentality or love is not in question. The keynote is passion, set aflame by opportunity provided by the Devil and fostered by their own evil desires. This is the keynote, and in neither play does headlong passion burn fiercely enough. At its best, the play should be a tragedy and not a comedy. The intent of the author is plain and should be made plain in the performance. There are moments of inaction in the piece, so that it is hardly a work of the highest quality in execution, but the idea of the play is significant, and if fully brought out in its details it should make an impression and have more value to the public than to the managers importing it. One of the sources for the publicity of the play is the contention as to the rights to production. The piece, it appears, was not copyrighted in the United States, and each manager seems to have purchased in good faith from the author or his agent "rights" which protect neither.

GARRICK. "THE MOLLUSC." Comedy in three acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced Sept. 1 with this cast:

Tom Kemp.....Joseph Coyne Miss Roberts..Beatrice Forbes Robertson
Mr. Baxter.....Forrest Robinson Mrs. Baxter.....Alexandra Carlisle

A mollusc of the sea clings to its rock, inert, between tides. The human mollusc, luxuriating in active selfishness and passive living, does nothing and has everything done for him. One is a mollusc who submits to the control of circumstances, unable even to resist the control of a superior mollusc. This theme of inertia of character is delicately and effectively handled by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies in his comedy, "The Mollusc," at the Garrick Theatre. He accomplishes all that he starts out to accomplish, and this is the highest evidence of a command of technique. His treatment of the theme is as new and unconventional as the theme itself. The little play, with its lightness, its airiness, and its truth, in spite of a certain essential artificiality, is the severest rebuke ever administered to the situation mongers in playwriting. It is just as decisive, in that direction, as the plays of Ibsen and Shaw, and vastly more agreeable. Of course, none of these writers can depart from structure, that which makes a play, but they are not drawn under by the evil influence of conventionality. Mr. Davies does not prove that the indolent and selfish wife is reclaimed to the common sense of domestic activities and unselfishness, but he leaves us satisfied with the general but very definite conclusion that there is no earthly use in being a mollusc, and that a mollusc can, with the exercise of his will, become that highest of individualities, the everyday person which we should all be.

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE IN "THE MOLLUSC"

LOLITA ROBERTSON
Who has the leading rôle in "Commencement Days"

The story is simple enough, and carried through by only four characters. It is a relief to be able to mention by name and not to feel, in giving some account of a play, that you are making an extract from a city directory. In a home of comfort, and if you choose, of luxury, Mrs. Baxter rules by her indolence, and through the compliance of her husband and the governess of her two children (who are not seen) to every soft spoken demand. Her book, on the table before her, must be handed to her. Its leaves must be cut. Her pillows must be arranged. Her smelling salts must be brought to her. She takes no part in household affairs. She is amiable and beautiful and beloved. If all this were the affectation of a fashionable woman it would be something different from the naturalness of a mollusc. Let it be a satire upon spoiled wives and indulgent husbands, it affords so much true comedy that the satire is not biting at all. It is to this household that Tom Kemp, the brother of the chief Mollusc, the beautiful, the amiable, selfish wife comes after an absence of a number of years in Canada. Fresh from a land of manhood and activity, he determines to set the house in order. His first experiment in refusing to arrange some fresh-cut flowers in vases and forcing her to do it is a complete failure. He does not arrange the flowers, for he throws them down in a confused heap, to be arranged later on by the governess, but he is vanquished. Practically he is a mollusc himself from that time on. The husband has been thrown so much with the governess, playing chess with her while his wife idly reclines on the sofa, interrupting their games by her repeated demands for attention, that he has fallen in love with the governess. This almost strikes a dangerous note in the action, but the real intent of that note is to indicate the feeble will-power of the mollusc. The husband has no idea of being unfaithful to the wife. He simply finds that the companionship of the governess, as affairs in the house go, is indispensable to him. When Tom Kemp discloses to the husband that he is in love with the governess, will marry her and take her away, the husband confesses his harmless little secret. The expedient which makes the wife active, in fact radio-active, again is that the husband in executing a demand or request by his wife to change about the furniture in the room upstairs, sprains his foot and is helped down the steps by the governess. The wife sees this, has an access of jealousy, insists upon giving her personal attention to the husband and becomes at once a person of affairs, and ceases to be a creature of lassitude. Tom is accepted by the governess, and Mrs. Baxter, satisfied with the outlook of her new life, will be a mother to her children for the first time and a common sense wife, the best of all wives.

It is obvious that a simple story like this, in order to contain action, must be filled with effective little incidents and must abound in touches of character. Whether we call it skill which works the charm or that insight into human nature governed by skill, the result is there. All the weaknesses of human nature in the play are amiable, and there is real tenderness in the situation between brother and sister, the brother trying to reduce affairs to

White

SCENE IN "COMMENCEMENT DAYS," A PLAY OF COLLEGE LIFE BY VIRGINIA FRAME AND MARGARET MAYO

Sarony

BILLIE BURKE AND CYRIL KEIGHTLEY IN "LOVE WATCHES" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

a common sense basis. It is an admirable little play and long will it entertain. Some criticism has been made that the play was better done in London by Sir Charles Wyndham and others. That may be. But the reports of those fortunate voyagers who have spent their summer vacation in London are not going to rob us of one particle of our delight in what happens in the sitting room in Baxter's house. Sir Charles Wyndham is in his seventies. Possibly he may act Tom Kemp better than Joseph Coyne, but we are willing to accept Joseph Coyne with the gifts he brings us.

"The Mollusc" was preceded by a one-act sketch, "The Likes o' Me," very properly entitled "An Episode." The scene is laid in a small General Shop in Hoxton. This General Shop seems to deal particularly in sausages, biscuit and ready-made food. In search of this food comes a ragged street-boy. The Earl of Whitecliffe, an engaging lad, the son of a Viscount of Worth, enters, makes friends with the ragged boy, and what follows in dialogue is the episode. The ragged boy, in his artless way, reveals the destitution and misery of his class. The young Earl invites the boy to come to visit him, which, of course, he will never do, and that's all. The little sketch is British to the core. The contemplation of a pampered aristocracy affords the English much satisfaction, while, to witness the hopeless condition of the poor seems to be an entertaining corollary of it. Miss Doris Keane, as the ragged boy, evinced excellent and pleasing capability, but the little

Ernest Truex Lillian Russell Frank Sheridan

SCENE IN ACT II OF "WILDFIRE" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

piece is piffle to Americans. There is absolutely nothing to admire in the Earl of Whitecliffe, but much in Dudley Diggs, the boy who played the part.

ASTOR. "THE MAN FROM HOME." Play in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced Aug. 17 with this cast:

Daniel Voorhees Pike....William Hodge	Mariano .....Anthony Asher
Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch..H. Jewett	Michele .....Antonio Salerno
The Earl of Hawcastle..John Glendinning	Carabiniere .....A. Montegriffo
Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn.Echlin P. Gayer	Valet de Chambre.....C. L. Felton
Ivonoff .....Henry Harmon	Ethel Granger-Simpson..Olive Wyndham
Horace Granger-Simpson..Hassard Short	Comtesse de Champigny...Alice Johnson
Ribiere.....Harry L. Lang	Lady Creech.....Ida Vernon

A young lawyer from Kokomo, Howard County, Indiana, the state watered by the Wabash, is the guardian, and has charge of the estate of a boy and girl, just come to age, and living in England, where they have absorbed the prejudices, manners and predilections of the titled aristocracy. Our Indiana lawyer, with his lankness, his frankness and his drawl, betakes himself to England (which in this case happens to be Italy) to look after their welfare. He finds them under the influence of a lord and his lady, the girl's millions about to be married to the son, the boy infatuated with the Comtesse de Champigny, who turns out to be the former mistress of his lordship. It is plain to see from the beginning that Daniel Voorhees Pike is going to upset these plans. His persuasion and certain turns in events partly brought into existence by him from Kokomo and partly by circumstances, bring them to their senses. He saves the boy and theoretically gains the love of the girl. That he really gains her love is not so apparent. It is one of the several cases this season in which love has been postulated and not proved. In the early part of the action Mr. Pike saves and secretes a Russian refugee. This refugee is the husband of the Comtesse stolen from him by his lordship. We thus have some melodrama with the comedy. The Indiana trade mark of self-sufficiency is much in evidence in this play. It is believed in Indiana that the playwright is born, that genius is the attribute of her sons, and that imperfection cannot exist in their work. However, nevertheless and notwithstanding, this very successful play is crude.

No such English aristocrats as we see in this play exist in reality. The truth about them, from the American point of view, would be much more to the purpose. Our audiences have reached the point where they want the truth. Nor do we believe that Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson can produce any living exhibit (or more than two or three exhibits, which is the same thing in our mathematics) from Indiana of a successful lawyer, representing an estate of millions, with the drawl and peculiarities of this lawyer of the play. The play is successful, and we do not wish to be hypercritical, but it is well enough to remind Mr. Tarkington that the Indiana idea of the paramountcy of genius is not tenable, and that when an author reaches distinction he has responsibilities.

An excellent, easy speaking comedian is Mr. Hodge. He belongs to the natural school of acting in which the voice is tempered by degrees until you can hear nothing that is said, and the stage is gradually being darkened so that nothing can be seen.

BIJOU. "ALL FOR A GIRL." Play in four acts by Rupert Hughes, Produced Aug. 22 with this cast:

Harold Jepson.....Mr. Fairbanks	Jenkins .....Carlos Constantine
Henry Dinwiddie.....Robert A. Fischer	MacDowell .....Ernest Mack
Cephas Roddy.....Percy Plunkett	Antoinette Hoadley.....Adelaide Manola
Basil Mugg.....John E. Brennan	Mrs. Clara Van Espen.H. O. Dellenbaugh
Count Laszlo Bakony.Samuel M. Forrest	Mamie Broderick.....Jane Corcoran
Prince de Cauchy.....Emil De Varney	Diana Dinwiddie.....Ruth Shepley
Edward Briggs.....W. J. Constantine	Mrs. Roddy.....Florence Robertson
Jackson .....Margaret Kenmare	

The theme of the play "All for a Girl," by Mr. Rupert Hughes, is as timely and essentially new as if it had never existed before

the present period of very great fortunes in America. A number of plays, chiefly of a romantic kind, involving the idea of concealing one's identity as prince or princess or person of wealth in order to make sure of the love of the suitor are familiar to the stage. A girl with millions is annoyed by the pursuit of fortune hunters. She determines to spend her vacation in a remote rural community, posing as an office girl on her holiday, and half hoping to meet the man who would love her for herself, and whom she could love. The young man who does turn up belongs to her set, but has never met her. They fall in love. He discovers who she is, and when she finds out that her identity is known to him she will listen to no explanations. Finally a reconciliation is brought about, he stipulating that she should live with him, when married, and be content to await his own making of a fortune, not a dollar of her wealth to be touched during this period. He does manage to persuade a millionaire to make a combination of certain railroads, in one of which he has at least a moral share, and thus the situation is solved.

Mr. Brady, who produces and stage manages the play, gives his attention strictly to business. Every moment of laughter that can be contrived for is so much money, and he manages to secure this laughter without traveling too far from the real action. In the last act we see the rich girl and her poor husband fighting to keep the wolf from the door. The landlord becomes offensive in demanding his rent, and the young husband throws him down the steps after giving him a black eye. The husband and wife expect disagreeable complications in the shape of a policeman, but the landlord, an Irishman, returns profuse in his admiration of the young man's uppercut, and gives him time for payment. We do not commit ourselves on the point, but it is possible that this incident is diverting to some people. The young couple who have just finished breakfast, expecting the visit of a relative, hastily proceed to set the room to rights. They are living in a flat house, where "there are plenty of rooms, but no room." The buffet is turned on a swivel in the wall and becomes a bookcase. Other articles of furniture are transformed in a like manner, and the breakfast table is whisked in a flash into an alcove, out of sight, through two self-acting doors which immediately close. This is also perhaps diverting. It is modern stage management. We have no reproaches to make. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks belongs to the new generation of speak-easy-and-move-smoothly actors. He communicates himself to the audience very agreeably. The rich girl was all the richer in being played by Adelaide Manola, the beautiful daughter of a once more beautiful mother. (Oh, this insatiable maw of the stage, which swallows up beauty and youth and genius, and which leaves us only memories!) She is not as clever as her mother, but she may be, if you give her time, and we do give her time cheerfully. A very clever performance was that of a country postmistress, a gum-chewing postmistress, a postmistress with a Nazimova collar which is new to her, a suspicious postmistress who gets the rich girl exposed, played by Miss Jane Corcoran.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG." Musical comedy in two acts, by George Grossmith, Jr., and L. E. Berman. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Produced Sept. 2d with this cast:

Max Moddelkopf.....James Blakeley	Private Schmidt.....Herman Brand
Otto .....Lionel Mackinder	Elsa .....May Naudain
Brittlbottl.....John E. Hazzard	Clementine .....Louise Dresser
General the Margrave.....Ross Clifford	Lucille .....Edith Kelly
Colonel Finkhausen.....Ernest Cossart	Kathie .....Hazel Neason
Fritz .....Warwick Wellington	Hana .....Grace Riopel
Hermann .....Overton Moyle	Hilda .....Ethel Vivian
Franz .....Ridgwell Cullum	Minna .....Mabel Hollins
Karl .....Henry Vincent	Freda .....Clara Pitt
Albrecht .....Wallace McCutcheon	Anna .....Molly McGrath
Burgomaster .....Edward Garvie	Eva .....Mary Lee
Kannenbier .....Sarony Lambert	Lina .....Adelaide Kornau
Adolf.....R. R. Neill	Katrina .....Louise Brunelle
Policeman .....Theodore Walters	Barbara Briefmark.....Grace Walsh
Waiters.....Messrs. Grant and Leech	Betti Berncastler.....Esther Robinson
Corporal Riethen.....Guy Maingy	Mitzi .....Gertie Millar

"The Girls of Gottenberg" is a George Edwardes London Gaiety success, imported by Mr. Charles Frohman, with the addition of four American principals. It has the distinctive British qualities, one of which is decency, another of which is a dead weight of heavy conventionality, another of which is lithesome dancing. The story, which mainly concerns four exchanged identities, is of no importance and could not be made reasonably intelligent by description, and it would be unpardonably stupid and unreal if it were not for the reality of certain pleasing personalities. The girls of Gottenberg are like all other comic opera girls, who remain the same in all environments, whether they are seen on enchanted isles, in some remote, real or fantastic land, or on Broadway or Piccadilly. Feminine comeliness is no less cared for in London than in New York, but it is plain that carnal display is more an object with the managers here than there. The British have been content to go along in the same old way, and they show far less initiative than the American producers. The consequence is that this piece is overburdened with the marches of military men and feminine cadets. We commend the opera for its tendency toward spirituality and grace in certain of its individual members. We give it welcome, in spite of its occasional tedium and its recourse to puns for wit, because of the absence of broilers. The devil is not in the game. It is decent. There are twenty-four musical numbers. The features of the

(*Continued on page xiii*)

SCENE IN "DIANA OF DOBSON'S," LATELY SEEN AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

A Chat with His Satanic Majesty

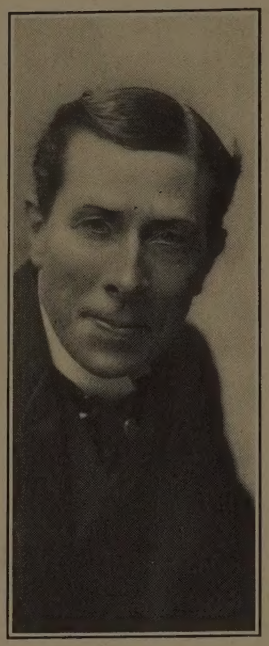
THE door of his apartment near Gramercy Square was opened for me by George Arliss himself. One of his meditative gray eyes peered at me through a monocle. I said to him:

"Last night on the stage I heard you say: 'A monocle is like a wife. The sight is clearer without them.'"

"That is not so. It is the only untrue line in the piece," retorted Mr. Arliss.

Throughout our chat he looked at his interlocutor through the monocle. From the next room came now and then the faint swish of a silk petticoat that betokened Mrs. Arliss' near presence. Eyeglass and wife were both the possessions of the man who played the Devil, and it was clear that he was supremely satisfied with both.

It developed that the man who plays Satan is a communicant, a member in good standing of the Church of England. "Though I don't attend services quite every Sunday," he confessed with the faint smile of sensitive lips that is so effective in conveying the devil's stealthy points upon the stage.



MR. ARLISS AS THE DEVIL

The man who has portrayed the spirit of evil with a skill that has won both critical and public applause found his pattern for the demon in real life. "I trust that my friends know that I have not many qualities in common with the devil," he said, "so that I have not found my model for the impersonation in myself. It happens that I have known a great many persons of extreme type. My father was in the publishing business a block from the British Museum, which is, you know, the largest library in the world. There flocked about that part of the city strange men, men of talent and gifts, but who through illness or some defect of character, often through love of drink, had failed in life. They were men who should have been successes but instead they were failures.

"I got my devil from among these men. The man was poor He earned his living with his pen, but he worked as little as possible. He was not a very bad man, but I am not sure that he would not have been had he had occasion or opportunity. He was very lean, as nearly bodiless as it was possible for a man to be and live. I wanted to convey the impression of the man being almost fleshless, and while I was thinking of this, the picture of this man whom I had known as a boy came back to me.

"The man was of exceedingly quiet manners. I have copied his manner as I have his physical appearance, for I conceived that that was the only sort of devil that would have any influence with the people in Molnar's play. They are persons in society, and that class could only be influenced by suggestion, by light, playful argument. They could be led, not driven. If they had been servants I might have tried the bludgeon form of argument. It would have affected them, but not persons in society, accustomed to the refinements of life. They would have laughed at the devil who tried to drive them.

"I studied the rôle of the devil as I do every other part I have ever studied, as long a time as I have. I received the play early in July and I brought it back with me from the other side. We came back on a slow steamer. It was very empty and I had most of one side of the lower deck to myself. I had the feeling I must always have when I am studying a part, of being quite alone. I like best to be in the country, or at least in a room quite alone. When one is studying a part he creates a world of his own, and any intrusion of the other world, his real world, is a shock. It makes him self-conscious. He has to begin again at the beginning.

"I did most of my studying on the windy side of the lower deck, where no one was liable to see or hear me. I followed my usual course in studying, a singular course I suppose it is.

"In the first place I like to hear an author read his play. Did you know that an author always reads his play badly? That is true. Although the thoughts are his he does not convey them well. Nevertheless, I like to hear him read his play, for somewhere in the back of his head there is an idea that is illuminative. More than probably he will give you this flash of an idea in some comment in passing, rather than in the play itself.

"I did not hear Molnar read the play, so read it myself. It was given to me one act at a time. When I read the first act I liked it, but I didn't think the rest of the play could equal it. When I got the second act I thought the same. I got the third act and was surprised and content.

"Within the first hour of reading the play entire I had the conception of the part. It is always so, not only with me but with everyone. If you don't get the conception at first you never get it.

"I am singular in that I do not study a part act by act, scene by scene, nor even speech by speech. I read the play through several times. Then I read my own part many times. I never consciously memorize a line. I read it through again and again till I find I am beginning to know it. I find when I come to the long speeches that I don't know them very well. I take up the play, open it at the speech and read it again, but not long. And soon I find I know that speech.

"Most actors study one act at a time until they consider themselves perfect in it. Then they take up the next. I don't think that is a good way, for as a man studies the next act he may find something that does not at all agree with what he had said and done in the first act. Then he has to go back and do his work over.

"When I read my part I do so slowly, for I find myself stopping to think of where I should be and what I should be doing when I speak those lines. I think of what the others of the company will be doing at that time. Sometimes I spend an hour thus, thinking over one line.

"The hardest scene in the play I found to be the one in which I am talking with Sandor, endeavoring to impress upon him that I have fallen in love with Jolan, and endeavoring to impress upon the audience that I have done nothing of the sort, that instead of having lapsed from devil into man, I am always and consistently the devil. To seem to be one thing, and constantly suggesting that you are something else, is difficult. That sort of repression, I suppose, is the hardest thing to be done on the stage. My greatest anxiety in the play is that I may drop from the suggestion of the spirit and seem too much the man."

At the suggestion that the devil may have been Mr. Arliss' most difficult and complex rôle the eye behind the monocle opened wide in surprise. "No, indeed," said the owner of both. "Oh, no. Not at all."

He began at once, with an irrelevance that may have been relevant, to talk of Pinero and his plays. "I consider him the ideal dramatist," he said. "It was once my ambition to appear in other of his plays. But that has not happened."

For his admiration of the Pinero dramas he gave the reason: "His characters are always like human beings. They are always consistent. You do not say of something he makes them say: 'This man would never have said this,' or 'That woman would never have said that.' They are sincere. Now Ibsen—shall we speak of Ibsen?—is different. His characters say and do things we do not think real men and women would do.

"When young men and women ask me my advice about going on the stage I say 'Don't try to get with a good company. That is a misfortune. Go with a cheap company, where you will be allowed to play all kinds of parts. Stock and repertoire work are excellent if you stop in time, say after two years. You will have played all sorts of parts, and yet not have had time to form habits of careless work."

A. P.

Scenes in "Algeria" at the Broadway Theatre

Photos White William Pruette Ida Brooks Hunt

ACT I. SULTANA: "TIN SOLDIERS NEVER DID INTEREST ME"

Eugene P. Arnold Florence Nash

ACT I. MR. COOINGS: "ANGIE, DO YOU REALLY LOVE ME?"

ACT I. THE WALLED OASIS OF SIDI AHMOUD IN THE SAHARA

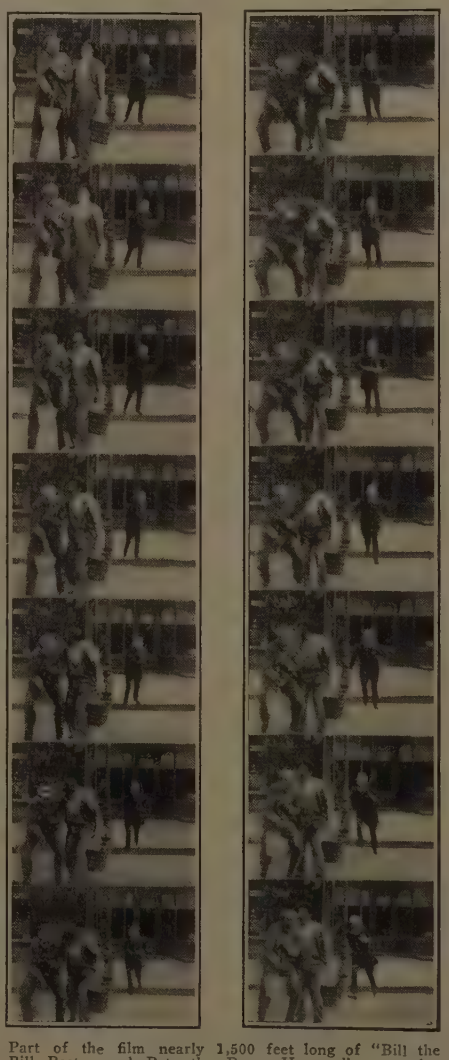
SCENE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY "ROMEO AND JULIET," ACTED FOR THE KINETOSCOPE
The picture was taken in Central Park, New York City, early in the morning, the terrace of the Mall and the distant lake doing duty as natural scenery

Where They Perform Shakespeare for Five Cents

THE Herr Professor was telling the story of "Romeo and Juliet." Standing before the screen at one end of a long room, fitted up with its metallic ceiling and its rows upon rows of benches, he looked like a veritable Jewish Balzac. The Herr Professor is anxious to make of his five-cent theatre an educational center among the children and grown people of the lower East Side, and to judge by the manner in which the crowds are flocking through the gaily painted entrance, and by the overflow left standing on the sidewalk waiting for the next performance, there is no doubt that the Herr Professor is meeting with success. He is a graduate of two foreign universities, and has good ideas, no matter how much he may be limited by the business conditions of the moving picture world.

The Herr Professor is a theatrical manager. Evening after evening he receives the tin roll of films containing the melodrama or the classical play that is to form the half-hour's amusement. Sometimes relying on his own voice, he will fill the long hall with his stentorian tones. At other times, fagged out by the constant repetition of the story, he will resort to the megaphone as an aid, and therefore, one need not be surprised to hear the *motif* of "Romeo and Juliet" issuing from the cavernous depths of such an instrument.

The audience that flocks to the Herr Professor's theatre is an interesting mixture of foreigners of all classes. Girls drop in alone, a fact that speaks well for the moral condition of that quarter of the town. Boys come in squads. A mother and father and their children count upon such an evening's entertainment. But perhaps the most interesting part of this human spectacle is the audience of wan and curious little people who stand outside, not being able to afford a luxury costing five cents.



Part of the film nearly 1,500 feet long of "Bill the Bill Poster and Pete the Paper Hanger," a popular comic subject of the Kinetoscope

One evening I visited the Herr Professor, and after the first performance was over—while a stream of people was passing out of one entrance and another stream just as compact was flowing into the other, eddying and swirling around the little ticket office—I went out on the sidewalk and picked from the eager group ranged on either side of the entrance a tiny little girl of not more than ten years. Her eyes were large and sad; little brown curls peeped from beneath a shawl tightly wound around her head and throat—despite the fact that the weather was balmy May. I asked her if she would like to go in, but no word could I get from her. The only evidence of a desire lurked in the big eyes, while behind her were some enthusiastic little friends pushing her forward and prompting her to accept. I took her inside and stood her upon a seat in the last row. Picture after picture was thrown upon the screen, unfolding some active story of romance and love, but not a sign of appreciation could be detected in the child's face. Yet she was drinking it all in as fast as her little starved soul could take it in, and like the merest flutter of a summer's breeze, the tremor of excitement ran through her tiny little body.

If this be juvenile theatregoing on the East Side, can we not draw an inference as to juvenile life on the East Side? Here was one out of a thousand drinking in with all the force of childish enthusiasm, yet either afraid to give outward

expression or else not knowing how to give outward expression to enjoyment.

The Herr Professor runs his theatre with an idea of attracting these little ones. He says that oftentimes, swinging his way down the avenue in and out among the long rows of vendors crowding the curb, he will find many boys and girls following him, and begging him to tell them what play he is going to give them that night. Of course, the Herr Professor is not in the kinetoscopic theatre business entirely for the love of it, for if he *were* in that position, the Herr Professor would be a Professor and not an exhibitor of moving pictures. But he makes the best of a bad bargain with life, at the same time making a very comfortable profit out of his business. And since this profit seems to be of such proportion as to satisfy him, the Herr Professor in a certain way is planning to be a philanthropist. He recognizes the educational value of the kinetoscope. He understands that after school is closed at three o'clock, he has at his command—if wisely drawn to him—a very loyal little public. Do not let legitimate theatregoers imagine that such a public is to be sneered at. In numbers measuring over two hundred thousand throughout New York City, this kinetoscopic *clientèle* is composed of people who cannot afford to go to the theatre, even though such an organization as the People's Institute strive to reduce for them the theatre prices along Broadway.

Therefore, the Herr Professor realizes that he has, as a theatre manager, a certain responsibility, even though he must at times throw upon his screen the most inane comic pieces. He wishes to present nothing but classical dramas for his little public. He has held them spellbound with the story of Christ, and note that this is in the midst of the Jewish quarter. He knows that after he has presented "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" and "Macbeth" and "Francesca da Rimini" and "Ben Hur" and "Way Down East" to his half-hour public, telling them in concise, even though odd, English the mere outlines of the story, they go away knowing the plot of each one of these dramas, and perhaps with a desire not only to read something further about it at the public libraries, but with the dream of some day being rich enough to see it adequately performed.

In the interim between audiences, the Herr Professor stood back of me, and poured forth his ambitions. There is no need to report him *verbatim;* one must look into his broad face and feel the grip of his big hand on the back of the bench, to comprehend something of the sincerity of his talk. German to the core, he is, notwithstanding all that, American to the core. Pointing across the way to where tier upon tier of human beings were leaning over fire-escape balconies for a breath of air, he told me of his scheme to get the kinetoscope manufacturers to let him have scenes among the Rocky Mountains, forest views, and flowing cascades for these people who never go away. He would bring to the heart of the Ghetto the heart of Nature itself; and even though devoid of color and freshness and odor, he would at least suggest something of that flowering world which is farthest away from asphalt and brick.

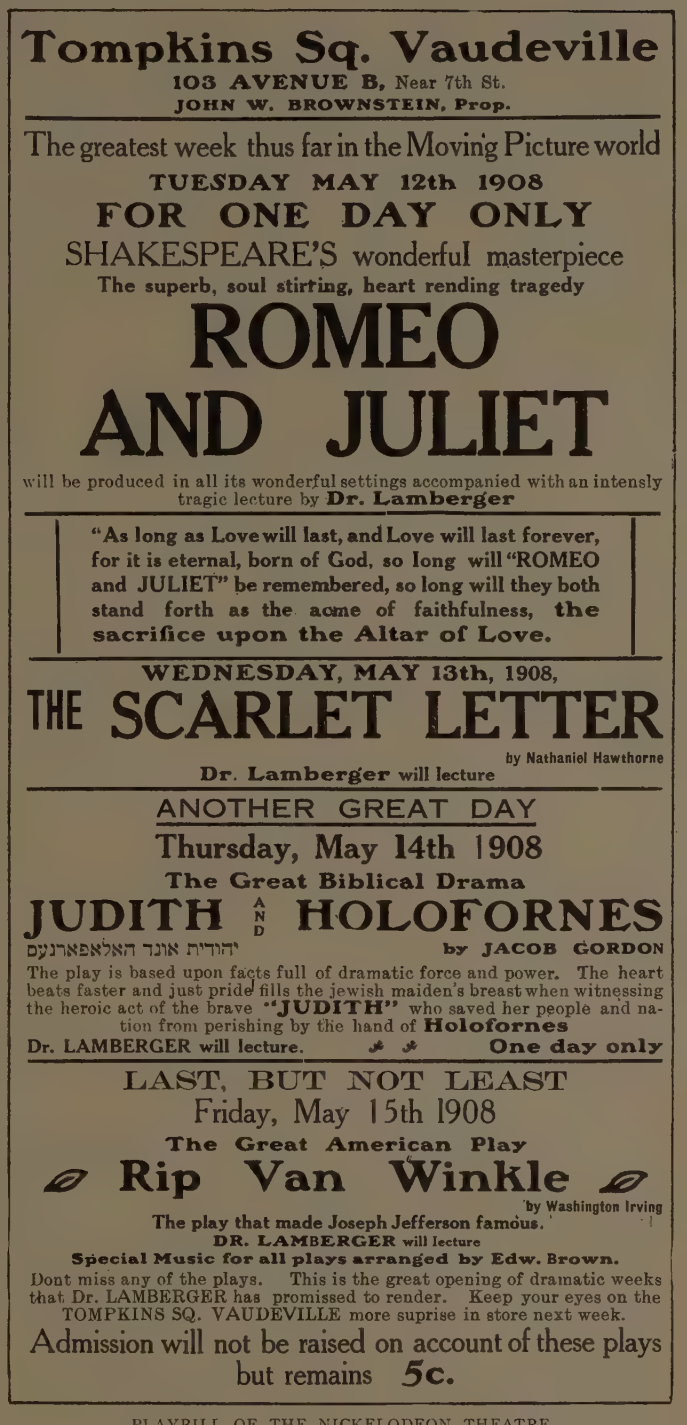
Let us say that the Herr Professor with his kinetoscope is a business man. Let us acknowledge that he is up to the tricks of the trade—and there are many tricks to be met with in Nickelodeon theatregoing management; nevertheless, were there more exhibitors like our Balzac-lecturer, the moving picture business would be a factor to be nurtured to its highest point.

This is an age of mechanical marvels. Whatever there may be crude about the kinetoscope of the present, we cannot say that the kinetoscope of the future will not be much nearer perfection. The scientific brains are at work improving it, so that the slightest facial expression may soon be caught, so that those looking for any length of time upon the screen may not go away with wearied eyes, which at present is not only a painful defect, but a danger to be guarded against. The color of the woodland rose, now reproduced only in black and white upon the screen, will some day be brought close to the homes of these folks "in city pent" with that reality which is next to being real.

The Herr Professor, with his weekly profits, wishes to throw his place of amusement open upon one day during each week, without charge, to the school children. Maybe he will find that such a scheme is not the very best one to follow, since it is never wise to encourage that desire of something for nothing which all people possess.

I have mentioned the Herr Professor simply as an example of the human problem confronting the business of Nickelodeon theatregoing. The actor used once upon a time to smile over M. Maeterlinck's ambition to give plays by the use of puppets. The actor was right in so doing, and naturally he resented competition of this so-called inferior character. But he has a far more formidable rival in the kinetoscope. The time is not far distant when we will see along Broadway theatrical agencies specially catering to the manufacturers of moving-picture films. The Edison Company of New York, the Vitagraph Company of America, the Pathé Frères of Paris, each has its regular stock company. These

(*Continued on page xi*)


Tompkins Sq. Vaudeville
103 AVENUE B, Near 7th St.
JOHN W. BROWNSTEIN, Prop.
The greatest week thus far in the Moving Picture world
TUESDAY MAY 12th 1908
FOR ONE DAY ONLY
SHAKESPEARE'S wonderful masterpiece
The superb, soul stirring, heart rending tragedy
ROMEO AND JULIET
will be produced in all its wonderful settings accompanied with an intensly tragic lecture by Dr. Lamberger
"As long as Love will last, and Love will last forever, for it is eternal, born of God, so long will "ROMEO and JULIET" be remembered, so long will they both stand forth as the acme of faithfulness, the sacrifice upon the Altar of Love.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 13th, 1908,
THE SCARLET LETTER
by Nathaniel Hawthorne
Dr. Lamberger will lecture
ANOTHER GREAT DAY
Thursday, May 14th 1908
The Great Biblical Drama
JUDITH AND HOLOFORNES
יהודית אונד האלאפארנעס
by JACOB GORDON
The play is based upon facts full of dramatic force and power. The heart beats faster and just pride fills the jewish maiden's breast when witnessing the heroic act of the brave "JUDITH" who saved her people and nation from perishing by the hand of Holofornes
Dr. LAMBERGER will lecture. One day only
LAST, BUT NOT LEAST
Friday, May 15th 1908
The Great American Play
Rip Van Winkle
by Washington Irving
The play that made Joseph Jefferson famous.
DR. LAMBERGER will lecture
Special Music for all plays arranged by Edw. Brown.
Dont miss any of the plays. This is the great opening of dramatic weeks that Dr. LAMBERGER has promissed to render. Keep your eyes on the TOMPKINS SQ. VAUDEVILLE more suprise in store next week.
Admission will not be raised on account of these plays but remains 5c.

PLAYBILL OF THE NICKELODEON THEATRE
At 103 Avenue B, New York City, where Shakespeare's tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet," is performed for 5 cents

The Play of the Month—"The Devil"

HERR MOLNAR
Author of "The Devil"

FRANZ MOLNAR'S sensational play, "The Devil," produced simultaneously in New York by rival managers, met with as much success in America as abroad, both the Belasco and the Garden Theatres in New York, respectively, being thronged nightly by crowds eager to see this curious drama. Herr Molnar, who is 35 years of age, is editor of the Budapest *Daily Journal* and a writer of sociological and political topics. While "The Devil" is the first of his dramas to attain prominence outside of his own country, a dozen works of a lighter sort have come from his pen within the past two or three years. "The Devil" was first produced in Budapest in April, 1907, and was seen in Vienna the following autumn. Since then it has been played in Berlin, Rome, Florence, and a dozen other of the more important cities of the continent. The plot of "The Devil" is a sociological study, the title rôle being a personification in human form of Satan. Karl, an artist, is about to enter into a conventional marriage with Elsa, a young heiress, the marriage having been brought about by Olga, the former sweetheart of the artist, who now is the wife of a wealthy merchant. The marriage is intended to end forever the memory of their former love, of which neither has spoken during the six years of Olga's married life. As a matter of fact, the artist and the married woman still love each other, though both have tried to consider their love affair at an end. Olga comes to the artist's studio to pose for her portrait, the artist's impending marriage making her sure of herself. She gets the artist to confess he would not marry if he still loved her. The artist leaves her to arrange her dress for the portrait, and suddenly the stranger appears.

(The Devil, in fashionable frock coat, a crimson carnation in buttonhole, a man of from thirty-five to thirty-eight years old, resembling in face classical Mephistopheles, very elegant, picks up the blouse and offers it to Olga in a most polite manner.)

DEVIL: Pardon, Madame! I think you dropped something! I must beg your pardon, Madame—I came from lunch. Karl was not at home—I waited and I feel asleep in this very comfortable chair. *(He rubs his eyes.)* Forgive me, Madame, for opening my eyes at a moment when, for propriety's sake, I should have at least kept one eye shut——

(Olga takes blouse from him and puts it on couch horrified and disgusted.)

DEVIL: I am aware this is a base insinuation—of course, you only come here —— *(Ironically.)*

OLGA: To have my portrait painted.

DEVIL: I once had a similar encounter at a dentist's—and the lady, to prove that my insinuations were false, did not hesitate to sacrifice a perfectly good tooth—— *(The Devil makes a mock curtsey to Olga.)*

OLGA: I tell you, I——

DEVIL *(very politely)*: Oh, I know—you speak the truth. I am even at liberty to believe it—though *your* truth is only partly in style. *Truth* should have nothing on at all, you know.

OLGA: The insolence! What right have you to *speak* to me? Who are you? What are you doing here? Karl! *(Karl tries door outside.)* Karl!

(She opens the door of the studio. Karl appears on the threshold and looks surprised at the Devil.)

DEVIL *(very quickly)*: How do you do?

KARL *(taken aback)*: How do you do——

DEVIL *(quickly)*: You don't seem to remember me—we met at Monte Carlo——

KARL: Oh, yes.

DEVIL: Quite an eventful day it was.

KARL: Yes, yes, I remember. It was last fall—and I had just lost all my money at roulette—as I turned from the table, I caught sight of a stranger frowning at me. *(Pointing at the Devil)* It was you—I was startled—because only a moment before I had seen you next to the croupier—and I thought I heard you laugh when I lost—but now I remember—you stood behind me, and when I had lost everything, you offered me, a total stranger, a handful of *louis d'or.*

DEVIL: You refused—beggingly.

KARL: Yes—but——

DEVIL *(continuing)*: You took them—protestingly.

KARL: In five minutes I had won everything back—and 20,000 francs besides. Your gold seemed to have magic power. I remember, when you gave it to me, it seemed to burn.

DEVIL: But you paid me back and invited me to supper. I had to refuse because I was obliged to leave for Spain the same evening, but I promised to look you up the next time you needed me—and here I am!

KARL: Well, I'll be——

DEVIL *(interrupting quickly)*: Don't mention it—I took a little nap in your chair.

OLGA *(pointing to big chair, frightened)*: It's very strange—this chair was empty—there was nobody there——

DEVIL *(bowing in a tone allowing no contradiction)*: Then I was mistaken, Madame.

(Silence. Olga and Karl look at the Devil suspiciously.)

KARL *(embarrassed)*: Won't you please sit down? Allow me to introduce you—I quite forget your name.

DEVIL: Call me anything you like: we only call names when the party is absent—but I am here now; call me Miller, or Brown, or Black. *(Start from Karl, Devil stops him.)* If you think Doctor sounds better, why not call me Doctor Miller?

KARL: Madame—*(very much embarrassed)*—Doctor Miller——

(The Devil bows to Olga.)

DEVIL: Under ordinary circumstances, I should now take my hat and leave; but my infinite tact compels me to force my presence upon you in this disagreeable situation. *(Sits down.)*

OLGA *(to the Devil)*: How dare you! Karl! This man has the insolence to——

DEVIL *(very quickly)*: Your husband has been dead some time?

OLGA: I'm not a widow.

DEVIL *(very quickly)*: Oh, divorced?

OLGA: No!

DEVIL: Well, if you think that I have insulted you, I should say the proper person to refer me to would be your husband!

(Karl steps forward.)

DEVIL *(rises to Karl)*: Of course, if you wish, I am at your disposal also. *(To Olga)*: But Madame, this would be admitting—

KARL: What's it all about? I don't understand you—you come in here—I don't know how—or where from—and you—you act as if you had trapped us——

OLGA *(goes to Karl)*: That's it! That's it!

DEVIL: Say what you like. I cannot go.

Photo White

Dorothy Dorr (Olga) Edwin Stevens (The Devil) Paul McAllister (Karl)
Act I. The Devil: "And yet—what a splendid couple you two would make!"
SCENE FROM "THE DEVIL" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

White Dorothy Dorr (Olga) Edwin Stevens (The Devil) Frank Monroe (Herman Hofmann) Paul McAllister (Karl) Marion Lorne (Mimi)

The Devil: "The 'art dealer'! Shan't we be discreet and go?"

SCENE IN ACT I OF "THE DEVIL" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

OLGA: Why not?

DEVIL: If I were to go now, it would be as much as to say, "Pardon me, I fear I intrude." But if I remain, I show that I suspect nothing——

KARL: There's nothing to be suspected!

DEVIL (*bows politely, embarrassing silence*): Suppose we talk about something else. Oh, it's snowing. Snowing terribly. (*He stands in studio door. Silence. Olga stands quite astonished.*) Are you sending anything to this year's exhibition?

KARL (*uncomfortable*): Perhaps I may send something.

(*Silence.*)

DEVIL (*lights cigarette at table, puffs cigarette. On second puff*): Permit me, Madame?

(*Olga, picking up blouse, as if suddenly awakened and realizing her position, goes into the studio, closing the door behind her.*)

Full of temperament—full of temperament—and pretty, too!

(*Karl starts to light cigarette.*)

Too bad she doesn't love her husband.

(*Karl, dropping cigarette, sits and looks at the Devil without speaking.*)

(*Quickly*) How do I know? The way she turned to you just now when she fancied herself insulted—it didn't escape me! No; she doesn't love her husband. He must be either a genius or a very common man. Marriage with them is always unlucky. Believe me, common men live so low that the wives are afraid somebody will steal in through the window which they forgot to lock. And Genius—well! That lives on the top floor—so many stairs—no elevator! Her ideal is——

(*A motion of the hand, wanting to express an even, middle position.*)

——the second floor.

(*Karl looks impatiently at his watch and goes towards the door of the studio. The Devil leans back blowing the smoke of his cigarette, indifferently.*)

This is the second time I have seen her shoulders.

KARL: What do you mean?

DEVIL: The first time I saw them was in Paris—(*start from Karl*)—at the Louvre—only they were on the Aphrodite—am I right?

KARL (*in bad humor*): How should I know?

DEVIL (*lifting himself upright, cynically*): Which shoulders have you not seen?

KARL (*angrily*): What's that?

DEVIL: Good living. Such tender, soft lines are only possible for a woman who lives exquisitely well—I take it she is the wife of a millionaire? (*Karl goes again towards door of studio impatiently.*) Is she dressing?

KARL (*nervously*): I suppose so.

DEVIL: Is there a looking-glass in your studio?

KARL: Yes.

DEVIL: She must be very respectable. (*Karl looks at him astonished.*) If a lady takes as long as that to dress before a looking-glass, she's not a quick change artist—anyway.

KARL: Look here! I think your remarks are, to say the least, in very bad taste.

DEVIL (*standing erect*): Do you mean that?

KARL (*aggressively*): I do!

DEVIL (*patting Karl's cheek*): Then you must be respectable, too. (*Karl stares at him astonished.*) In a situation like this, only a very respectable man can be so infernally stupid.

(*Olga opens door of studio, places scarf on couch, goes toward Karl without looking at the Devil, who is hidden in chair.*)

OLGA: What's the time?

DEVIL (*looking up over back of chair*): He'll be here in ten minutes.

OLGA (*angrily*): Who?

DEVIL: Your husband.

OLGA: Oh! So you weren't asleep after all——

DEVIL: Oh, yes I was. (*Rises.*) But "What's the time?" always means the husband. A woman's intuition invariably anticipates her husband's coming by ten minutes. If it wasn't for that ten minutes, there would be more divorced women—(*he goes and unlocks the door of the hall*)—and less locked doors——

OLGA: Will this never stop!

DEVIL: I tried to change the subject. I started to speak about the weather—the Exhibition—but Karl wouldn't have it.

OLGA: Karl?

KARL: I? I haven't said a single word!

DEVIL: But your actions fairly shouted. The way you jumped up, looked at your watch, went to the door—— (*To Olga*) He was afraid, the poor fellow.

KARL: Afraid of what?

DEVIL (*to Olga*): That your husband would come before you had finished dressing. He was right to be frightened.

OLGA: What again!

KARL: Can't you——

DEVIL: Come, now! Let us be logical—let us look the situation in the face. Enter your husband: "Well, here I am; where is the picture?" The picture? (*Shrugs his shoulders.*) There is no picture! Karl hasn't even touched a brush. Your husband is astonished—he tries to speak; the words stick in his throat—he gasps: "Well, if you didn't paint, why is she dressing?" Imagine the situation! You look at one another horribly embarrassed; Karl stammers something, but that only makes it worse. Nothing has happened—and yet the mischief is done. What mischief? Appearances—appearances! They're like fly-paper—there's no getting away from it. (*Speaking to Olga*) You go home with your husband, and he doesn't speak—and if you ask him: "Why don't you say something?" his blood seems to boil. If you ask him to take a cab, he suspects that you want to avoid meeting somebody—every word that you utter tortures him. And if——

KARL: And if it WERE so, we are not alone: you are here.

DEVIL (*icy and cynical*): Just so, I am here—one word from me would save the situation—but—I know myself—I'm a strange, whimsical, almost cruel man—and I'm afraid I won't say the word—Tableau! Embarrassing silence! Then I say: "I regret that I

White

Edwin Stevens (The Devil) Dorothy Dorr (Olga)

The Devil: "Put on the opera cloak, button it as high as possible—and come here"

SCENE IN ACT II OF "THE DEVIL" AT THE GARDEN

should have come at such an inopportune moment." I take my hat and walk out discreetly. If necessary, I can even stammer my excuses.

OLGA: If this is a jest, it's a cruel one!

DEVIL: Doubtless, Madame. But that's not everything. I can also be quite correct, if you want me to be. If your husband comes in now, I can tell him that the portrait has not been touched, and ask his pardon——

OLGA: Pardon? Pardon for what?

DEVIL (*bowing*): For having—quite accidentally—seen your shoulders.

OLGA (*horrified*): Who are you?

DEVIL: I am he who always comes at the proper moment. I come from the Nowhere—I go to the Nowhere. I am HERE! (*Pointing to Olga's forehead.*)

OLGA: What do you want of me? You cling to me, falsely pretending something. I hardly know you for five minutes, and I imagine I feel your fingers at my throat.

DEVIL: Very clever indeed. Most pretty women don't feel them so soon.

KARL (*furiously, starts towards him*): Look here: this has gone far enough—— (*Makes a few steps towards the Devil, who stands erect without moving. At the same time, Heinrich comes to the door, which he opens, and starts speaking at once.*)

HEINRICH: The tailor has sent an evening suit, but it is not yours, sir.

DEVIL: Put it on the chair in the bedroom.

KARL: But it's not mine——

DEVIL (*gives a sign to Heinrich to go out and do as he was told. Speaking to Karl*): It's mine!

KARL: Yours?

DEVIL (*makes motion to Heinrich, who goes out. During speech Olga gets her hat*): I had to have it pressed. I told the tailor to send it here—I must dress for to-night—I am going to a ball the prettiest woman in Vienna is giving at the house of the Duke of Maranse——

OLGA (*frightened*): But the Duke does not live there now—he's Ambassador in Madrid—he has sold his house—to us.

DEVIL: I know. I met him in Paris—he told me——

OLGA: We are living there now—we are giving the ball——

DEVIL: Am I mistaken? Am I not invited?

OLGA (*in a very low voice, dropping her head*): Yes—yes, you are.

DEVIL (*very polite*): Madame! You asked me a little while ago what I wanted—that's what I wanted. Thank you. (*Bows. Silence.*)

OLGA: But my husband——

DEVIL (*turning to her*): ——Will be delighted. I've just come from Odessa—I have good news—wheat is rising—this year's crop turned out worse than they thought it would.

OLGA (*greatly pleased*): Yes? The crop is bad?

DEVIL (*goes to big chair*): So you do love your husband? You're glad the crop is a failure?

OLGA: Of course I am. (*As if she was somewhat ashamed to bother about her husband's speculations.*) We want the wheat to be bad because that will drive the price up.

KARL: What of that?

DEVIL: Your husband will make a great deal of money. (*To Olga*) And you will get that new gown.

OLGA: How do you know I want a new gown?

DEVIL: You have a new hat—a very pretty one—and you will certainly want a new dress to wear with it.

OLGA: You must be married!

DEVIL: Married? Not the least—but I have an eye for feminine vanities. Oh, no! A wife is like a single eyeglass—it looks very nice; but one is better off without it.

OLGA: You seem to have strong views against marriage. May I ask why?

DEVIL (*shaking his finger*): Because you want Karl to marry, and I want to save him.

KARL (*starts towards him*): I beg your pardon——

DEVIL: An artist ought never to marry—his wife will swear on the wedding day to stand by his side all through life—the day after the wedding she will stand in his way.

OLGA: Not the real wife.

DEVIL: The real wife is always the other man's wife.

OLGA: You're a cynic!

DEVIL: No, only logical. (*To Karl*) Why didn't you stay at home? You ran away from your comfortable surroundings to become an artist. You refused the legitimate position and ordinary morals, a decent occupation at so and so much per week—you wanted to go into the wilderness, and there you are. Now, fight your battle! But don't get married!

(*Devil now changes his tone, goes into the church chair, on whose back he leans his two arms, speaking as if from a pulpit. It is almost dark, and during this scene it becomes darker yet—the figure of the Devil being lit by the red light coming from the fireplace. He takes their hands and joins them.*)

DEVIL: And yet—what a splendid couple you two would make. (*Olga standing quite near the Devil, but not looking at him, buries her face in her hands.*)

DEVIL (*standing upright in chair*): Awake! (*To Karl*) You, with your talent, your splendid youth. (*To Olga*) You, with your temperament, and beauty and longing——

KARL: Stop! I beg you—for years we have been just good friends!

DEVIL (*he now begins to speak in almost a whisper, but getting warmer and warmer the more embarrassed Karl and Olga become*): You may say what you like, but I can read your eyes: they say to me, "Don't believe him, he lies, he lies!" (*Goes to fire and warms his hands.*)

KARL (*stands below Olga*): Don't interrupt me. For six years we have been—good friends, nothing else! Olga cares nothing for me. (*Devil comes down to big chair*) And I—and I——

DEVIL (*quickly*): What will you give me to interrupt you NOW?

OLGA: I don't know what you, who profess to know everything, know about us, but anyone who thinks Karl capable of one base thought must be very low and contemptible himself!

DEVIL: It's not a base thought: it's a great thought—a thought that brings joy and warmth and light into your wretched little lives. But joy has its price—and you must pay it, you misers! The drunkard dies of drink, but while he is drunk angels in Heaven sing to him. The poet dies in the ecstacy of his sweetest song. It is a coward's bravery that turns away from the wine, the song—and the lips of women. The smallest candle-end shows you it is worth while to burn up for the sake of a little warmth—a little light. The only end of life is to burn—to burn yourself up—you must flame and blaze like a torch and toss the fire about you. I know: your moralists tell you to love one another—don't believe them—your grubby little earth with its paltry million years is not ripe for such a love as that. It can only breed monks, madmen, Methodists. Don't be a fool—be a rogue—but be a jolly rogue—and the world is yours! Look at me! I own the earth—here is the key of life—love yourself—only yourself. Dress yourself in the softest garments—kiss the sweetest lips—drink of the wine of life. Don't try to be sober—get drunk! Drunk! As drunk as possible! (*Bell rings sharply, nobody moves.*)

OLGA (*rises, in a low voice*): My husband——

DEVIL (*steps down from the chair, crossing* C., *snaps his fingers angrily, and says afterwards in a cold, cynical tone*): Mr. Money Bags!

White — Dorothy Dorr (Olga) — Edwin Stevens (The Devil)

The Devil: "I shall be close at hand. Call me if you need me"

SCENE IN ACT III OF "THE DEVIL" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

The second act occurs at Olga's house, where a reception is being given, and at which the engagement of Karl and Elsa is to be announced. The Devil weaves round these three people a web of jealousy and distrust until their inner selves, under his hypnotic power, are laid bare. He contrives to make Olga witness a *tête-à-tête* between Karl and the girl. He promises to prove to Olga that the artist loves her, and makes her agree to come into the reception room dressed in a long cloak that will permit only her neck and the tips of her shoes to be seen, while to the artist

Photos Byron

(1) George Arliss as the Devil to Sandor (Hamilton Revelle) and Jolan (Grace Elliston): "What a splendid couple you two would make!" (2) The Devil excites the artist's jealousy. (3) The Devil apologizes for his intrusion. (4) The Devil dictates the letter. (5) The voice of the tempter

Scenes in Mr. Fiske's Production of "The Devil" at the Belasco Theatre

STELLA TRACEY
Who plays Kate Armitage in "Three Twins" at the Herald Square

he suggests that Olga, in the spirit of mischief, has agreed to act a modern Monna Vanna.

DEVIL (*in evening dress—red carnation in buttonhole. After a silence*): I never dreamed how quiet it could be when seven ladies are not talking. (*Protesting movement on part of the guests.*) Oh, I know—you have been very merciful to me in my absence.

ELSA (*on stairs*): You needn't think I am afraid to say what I think to your face. I was just about to—— (*She makes a movement showing that she wanted to look at him.*)

DEVIL: You did well to stay. They would have said much worse things about you—they would have spoken about your approaching engagement to Karl.

ELSA (*astonished*): What! You know?

DEVIL: To my friend Karl. They want to throw you into his arms. (*In a low voice to Elsa*): I'd like to speak to you—alone.

ELSA: Here? (*Gesture that she thinks this impossible in a crowded room.*)

DEVIL: We'll be alone in no time. (*Elsa goes to sofa.*)

FOURTH LADY GUEST (*to Devil*): I'm very glad you spoke that way to Elsa. You have quite won me over, and I don't mind telling you I come *very* near having to pick a bone with you.

DEVIL (*to Fourth Lady Guest, who is very thin—looking at her from head to foot*): By the way, speaking of bones——

FOURTH LADY GUEST: What! Again!—eh! (*Walks off highly offended.*)

FIRST GENTLEMAN GUEST (*very effeminate, smiling at the Devil*): Bravo! I couldn't do that—not that I lack courage. I am famous for my courage—I once slapped the face of an athlete who dared to insult a lady.

DEVIL: You coward!

FIRST GENTLEMAN GUEST: What—coward?

DEVIL: Yes, coward. If you dared to slap the face of a cripple, I might admire your courage.

FIRST GENTLEMAN GUEST (*first he wants to answer this, but afterward makes a gesture as if to say, "Nothing can be done with the Devil," then goes off slowly down the staircase.*)

SECOND GENTLEMAN GUEST (*after a few seconds talking quietly to the Devil*): Oh-h-h! You are a free-thinker. So am I!

DEVIL (*as if astonished*): You think?

SECOND GENTLEMAN GUEST: I do.

DEVIL: With what?

(*Exit Second Gentleman Guest, angrily.*)

(*Third Lady Guest, the stout one, seated L. of table.*)

DEVIL (*to the Third Lady, pointing at First*): Her husband must be an upholsterer.

THIRD LADY: Yes; who told you?

DEVIL: Her dress—it is the very latest pattern for armchairs and settees—but please don't say I said so.

THIRD LADY (*smiling*): Certainly not. (*Goes to chair of First Lady.*) Jane——

DEVIL (*joins Elsa. To Elsa*): Look—she's telling her.

THIRD LADY (*to First Lady*): But promise me not to be angry.

DEVIL: She promises.

FIRST LADY: I promise.

THIRD LADY: He said that——

DEVIL: Look out for the explosion.

FIRST LADY (*rises*): Oh, I never——

DEVIL: Now—watch her go.

FIRST LADY: I never! (*Goes off down the staircase.*)

THIRD LADY (*going after her*): But, Jane, you promised me—— (*Exit.*)

DEVIL: Voila! I am now at your disposal.

In the third act the Devil tries to eliminate Elsa from the scene of action and he brings her in the presence of a model who loves Karl but has renounced him. Elsa understands and also decides to give up the artist. Olga came to the studio to get back her letter but is told by the Devil that it has already been delivered. Believing what he says, she does not attempt to hide her love when Karl arrives, and then she learns that the artist did not receive her letter.

KARL (*entering*): Olga! (*Olga motions to him to be quiet.*) I was afraid you would never forget my brutal behavior of last night.

OLGA: Speak low. Doctor Miller (the Devil) is in there. I have acted foolishly, but I could not control myself. I, too, after what had happened—I wanted to know—I wanted to make sure whether you loved me as I thought you did—as I hoped you did—day and night—every hour. (*Sits in chair.*)

KARL: Olga!

OLGA: Everything has changed since yesterday. But let us try to repeat what we said then—about shaking each other's hand, honorably—let us try to be strong and keep our promise. Karl, if I was frivolous, it was only a desire to know your inmost sentiment. But I am afraid. I have been punished too hard—and what I said a moment ago about shaking each other's hand—honorably—I fear it is too late. My strength is at an end. I am lost!

KARL: Olga!

OLGA (*rising*): Hush! He is there! Tell me, were you surprised about my letter?

KARL: Your letter? What letter?

OLGA: Karl—oh, I understand. You want me to be discreet. Be frank. I am not ashamed and I am not afraid. When I wrote that letter I only half knew what I was doing, and I was sorry afterward that I had written it. But I am sorry no more. Women don't always write what they want, but they always want what they write. Karl, I should like to read that letter over with you.

KARL: Why, I haven't received any letter. Did you write me?

OLGA: You did not get my letter?

KARL: No. Really I didn't.

OLGA: Doctor Miller! Doctor Miller! My—my letter!

DEVIL (*entering*): Oh, I ask ten thousand pardons. I quite forgot. My only excuse is—there are certain letters that had better not be delivered.

OLGA: Who is this man?

DEVIL: But I can deliver it now. (*Crosses to Karl, and gives him the letter.*)

OLGA: Karl, tear up that letter. (*Karl does so.*) Put that letter into the fire. (*Karl puts letter into fire.*)

DEVIL: I regret if my forgetfulness has occasioned any inconvenience.

KARL (*coming down R.*): Don't let me detain you!

DEVIL: Oh, my train doesn't start for an hour. How was I to know that the non-delivery of the letter would occasion such terrible anguish?

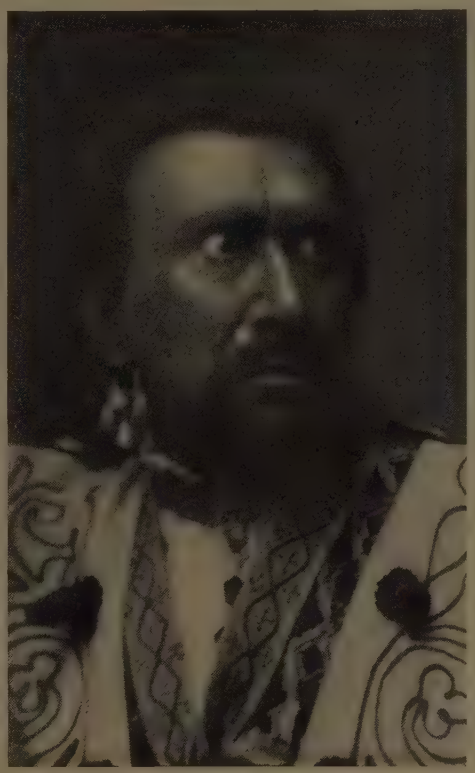
(*Continued on page xiii.*)

The Actor in the Street

The street has ever been considered the best place to study humanity in its multifarious manifestations. Balzac spent hours in the streets watching different types of people, which later he portrayed in his novels. Actors also go to the street when studying a new character. Kean went to see a notorious felon hanged in order to catch his dying expression of horror and despair. Garrick drew his conception of Lear from life. Richard Mansfield owed his triumph as the Baron Chevrial to painstaking study of the symptoms of senility gone over with a physician. The actor searches for ideas and types in shops, railroad stations, street cars, boats, everywhere. He finds his man, cultivates his acquaintance, and does not leave him for weeks, while the stranger little suspects that he is a model for a new laughable or tragic creation of the stage

AN instance of the painstaking care of an actor in hunting down a given type, or special character, is to be found in the romance of how the Italian actor, Ermete Novelli, looked for, and discovered, the Veronese prototype of Shakespeare's Shylock.

When Novelli was studying the rôle of Shylock he stopped several times, saying that he would renounce all idea of interpreting the part, because he could not succeed in finding any physical type which corresponded to the Shylock of his imagination. In the large cities, where there were numerous colonies of Jews, he went every morning to their quarter, hunting right and left, putting his nose—that long, proverbial nose of his—into warehouses and shops, large and small, where he could see plenty of typical Jews sitting on small benches, but he was ever unsatisfied. Finally, one day in Verona, he met a bowed old man, with a long white beard, with eyes of a bird of prey, and hands like talons. It was as a lightning stroke for Novelli. He followed him into a dirty little shop which had all the air of a spider's den, saw him take out some banknotes and count them greedily, then carefully put them away again. "He must be an usurer descended straight from Shakespeare's great Jew!" the actor muttered to himself. Novelli went to a friend and described his find, praying him to be his voucher, with the pretext that he wished to borrow some thousands of francs. The ruse succeeded, and Novelli studied this particular Ghetto Shylock, that appealed to him, for several weeks, until he felt secure in his realization of the personality he had in mind.



NOVELLI AS OTHELLO

For a long time Novelli hesitated to act Othello, until one day he chanced upon a street fight in Naples and saw a Sicilian run a knife through the throat of a Neapolitan. Novelli followed the victim to the hospital, watching his every move of agony, and when he came away he made up his mind that he could now present Othello. In his characterization of the part, which has been described by Jules Claretie, Director of the Comédie Française, as "the awakening of all savage Africa," Novelli has rather shocked the Anglo-Saxon viewpoint of Shakespeare's Moor of Venice. The part has always hitherto been played in a grandiose and grandiloquent manner, Othello dominating every scene with a sort of swelling and noble mien and carriage. On the contrary, Novelli has seen fit to depart radically from this ultra-heroic ideal. Novelli makes Othello the kind of a Moor he believes flourished in the days of the Doges of Venice, and who might have been of great service to the state as a condottiero or general, but whose African blood and Mohammedan character could not be more than veneered by his Italian environments. His Othello is primitive, such as a villain like Iago could so easily have imposed upon by the simple ruse of the missing handkerchief.

Another instance of the attention given to every detail of his various rôles in their original study is found in the manner in which he finally evolved his conception of the death scene in "Nero." The Nero of this drama is represented as the youthful, handsome and art-loving figure, cruel and half insane, depicted in the pages of Suetonius and Tacitus. At the end of his career this youthful monster commits his cowardly suicide, and it is this peculiar exit from life of the infamous Roman emperor that long puzzled Novelli to give it a suitable footlight representation. From what history says of Nero, he was too much of a coward to have inflicted a blow in his breast. The sight of the blade, as it flashed on its deadly errand, would have caused his heart to quail, and the deed to have remained undone. It was clear that some more dastardly form of self-murder would be necessary to fit the character of this depraved and uncourageous individuality. For a long time Novelli pondered over this problem, but in vain. Much reading left the matter as undecided as at the start. Then it chanced one day the actor attended a gala bull fight in Madrid, at which he was a special guest of honor of the Queen, and sat in the royal box. The event was a brilliant one, and the fight with the bull marked with great expertness. At the finish the skilful matador suddenly plunged his knife full into the neck of the savage bull at a point just behind the shoulder. The animal gave one last lunge and fell to the arena bathed in blood and breathing its last. The blow had been a decisively mortal one.

While the immense throng in the seats around the ring rose in tremendous excitement and cheered the victorious matador, Novelli was gazing with an enthusiasm that had nothing to do with bull rings or bull fighters. He was thinking only of his play of "Nero."

"That is it!" he was saying to himself. "That is the blow that Nero gave to himself, there in the neck over the shoulder, where he could not see the fatal blade as it did its needed work. That is the way the coward ended his miserable life!"

It was not many hours before Novelli was alone in his own room oblivious to everything else on that day of fate, practicing the death scene of Nero.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

The house at the left is Ermete Novelli's villa at Rimini, Italy

Sykes, Chicago

EUGENE WALTER, AUTHOR OF "PAID IN FULL," "THE WOLF," ETC.

Eugene Walter—the Insurgent Dramatist

(INTERVIEWS WITH AUTHORS No. 11)

"THE great primitive instinct of man is to fight against want, hunger, need—the instinct of self-preservation. The American has sentiment, plenty of it, the sentiment of the conqueror."

By these phrases Eugene Walter goes far toward a summary of his ideas of playwriting. His aim is to picture in his plays the dominant spirit, the big human note of American life as he sees it to-day. To him the American is a creature of mighty impulse and tremendous achievement, the whole-souled, big-brained man who is a pioneer—whether it be in northwestern forests or at the head of an army of the units that constitute the great mass of that element we call labor in this country.

"Themes for American plays are plentiful enough and big enough. They are just coming into their own. We don't need European ideas or European art for our dramas. We want none of their 'My Lords' or 'My Ladies' here; we have progressed beyond that. We are just plain Joe or Jim or Bill. We are a big, powerful people with work to do. We are proud of our work, and anxious to do it. That is what it is to be an American. There are a few hundred persons living on this continent whose views and aims differ from that scheme. But they don't count; there are not enough of them. If they usurp what belongs to us —I mean the people—we will take it away from them." So he summed his personal view of the aspects of privileged wealth and prosperous toil.

He is of spirit like that of Jack London. He has a background of similar experience.

Like the insurgent novelist, he is young, possessing the hot, unreckoning zeal of youth. Fate's icy hand of adversity, which he long felt, has not cooled his blood. And, like London, he works fiercely and furiously, finding his fondest pleasure at the tasks he has mapped out for himself.

"I wrote 'The Wolf' in six days," he boasted quietly as the bright, naughty boy at school boasts his quick shift of sums in class. "'The Undertow' and 'Paid in Full' each were written in three weeks. I have written an act in an hour and a half."

Of low stature, like Charles Frohman or Charles Klein, is this bright youngster of the drama, whose "Paid in Full," coming little heralded to New York, proved one of the season's enduring successes. As this is written it has rounded out its two hundredth performance. He is smooth-faced, nervous, boyish in glance and action. He has indeterminate eyebrows, a beak-like nose, and shrewd eyes, alert but kindly.

At thirty-three he has achieved a sudden eminence at which old men of the drama are wistfully regarding him. Could he explain his quick, dazzling success? Clearly he could not. This inability he indicated by a wave of the hand as if brushing away bothersome cobwebs.

"Who can analyze success of any kind?" he asked. "Probably people like 'Paid in Full,' because it is true."

"And the flat-dwellers of New York have gone to see in a play what they live at home?"

"Assuredly. It is among humble surroundings that great tragedies are lived. They don't happen among the so-called smart set. That class is incapable of feeling them. Don't think because I wrote 'Paid in Full' in three weeks that that was the beginning and ending of the play with me. The idea had been growing in my mind for several years. I thought it all out again

Photo White

ROBERT EDESON AS NED TRENT IN "THE CALL OF THE NORTH"

FLORENCE REED
Now playing Pamela in "Girls" at Daly's Theatre

and again. Finally, when I had it all in my mind in an orderly manner, when I knew exactly what I wanted to say, even to the shortest word of dialogue, I dictated it. I dictate all of my work so, in a sense, I don't write any play. But not until I have the whole play fully in mind, not until I can see mentally each character going through his scenes and business as clearly as if I were at a real performance do I think of putting it on paper. I must feel the speeches my characters are to deliver, must have worked out orally the sense of values and proportion to the last detail before I can begin. Once I have started my dictation my mind is not easy until I have gone straight ahead and have finished the last line in the play. The real dramatic incidents of every day life that furnish material for plays happen instantly, they are of short, tense duration. I try to make my plays that way. Perhaps that is why I work at such speed. 'Paid in Full' was evolved from that third act situation in Captain Williams' cabin. A prominent actress told me that her husband, a successful male star, had made her exactly that proposition. He said it would assure a good season for them both. He seems a decent fellow. I like him. He denies the story. Of course, I don't know whether it is true, but I wrote the play from it and she came near appearing in it. I disagreed with her manager and the play shifted."

"Paid in Full" was rejected by almost every producing manager in New York. This phase of the play's history its author refers to with a grim smile of unpalatable memory. "All the big managers read the piece. They couldn't see how it could do otherwise than fail until the morning after it opened. Then they were unanimous in saying there never could have been any question of its being a decided success. Even the managers who finally produced it were afraid of 'Paid in Full.' They hesitated at bringing it into Broadway, changed the bookings and let 'Irene Wycherly' and other plays have their hearings. Yes, that play had a hard beginning, a severe struggle for existence, although the stories of its vicissitudes were exaggerated. The newspapers had it that I slept on park benches. This is not quite the fact, but the failure of certain managers to keep their word had me worried as to where I would sleep next."

Behind the chronicle of the over-night rise to success of Eugene Walter is a refreshing story of the friendship of three men and a woman who had faith in each other's futures—a friendship born amid hardships, engendered by adversity, and later deservedly rewarding with success the quartet concerned. With characteristic candor the dramatist describes that friendship.

"Edgar Selwyn was an actor but hadn't done much. Margaret Mayo was a near-actress, and just beginning to write. Arch Selwyn was a bellhop. I was a nondescript, and we were fellow inmates of a West Fifty-first street boarding house, the landlady of which was vividly representative of her type, with bleached hair and the accompanying mannerisms. Some of her boarders, however, have since risen higher. Mary Hall, Eleanor Robson and her mother, Madge Carr Cooke, were grateful for its humble comforts at the time we lived there. In those six-dollar-a-week-hall-bedroom days the Selwyns and the girl, who later became Edgar's wife, and I were friends. They believed in me. They always have. Often they were asked, 'Why do you associate with that anarchist? He'll never do anything.' But they relied on their

own judgment and stuck to me. Edgar Selwyn asked me if I could write a play for him. I said I could. Then they made it possible for me to go to the country for a few weeks, and 'The Undertow' was the result. We expected a big Broadway production for it. It had been promised us, but managerial promises were broken—and, by the way, they most generally are. Disappointed but undaunted, the Selwyns put the play out into stock companies. In one week it was produced simultaneously in fourteen cities, bringing me in eight thousand dollars, more money than I had ever seen in my life."

Candor is the cornerstone of Mr. Walter's character. Some there are who find fault with that candor. They characterize it as brutal, scorching, offensive. The youthful author denominates it merely the great essential truth. If, in his opinion, a man is a liar he knows no reason why he should not tell him so; if a man lacks honesty, why he should not call him a thief.

"I have always tried to tell the person most intimately concerned, the man himself, just what I thought of him," says the playwright in support of his platform of no-compromise.

If a man wishes to preserve any illusions about himself he avoids Eugene Walter. In part this characteristic is due to his having been born and reared in the West, and to having spent a great deal of his life in sparsely settled sections of that region where plain, blunt speech—when words are really necessary—is a virtue. In the same land where Jack London inhaled with the frosty air inspiration to write of life in the raw the youngster of the drama also studied the direct, simple primitive side of humanity, and existence among bluff men, to whose remarks a pistol shot often added emphasis, soon taught him to differentiate realities from mere superfluities.

Sykes, Chicago

HELEN WARE
Leading woman with Arnold Daly in "The Regeneration"

In Alaska and in the wilds of the Canadian forests he saw things as they are. This same faculty of clear and keen observation he brought with him to the metropolis, and his writing of facts just as he observed them has resulted in a phenomenal Broadway success. From penury to an income double that of the President of the United States is a flight achieved, the playwright says, through first seeing things clearly and then accurately setting forth just what he had seen. As a foundation for his achievements is an extraordinary experience, varied and strenuous—the story of a hope that years of seemingly endless misfortune, failure and hardship could not defeat of fulfillment. If Eugene Walter has convincingly portrayed unpleasant phases of life on the stage he obtained his knowledge first-hand. He was born in a small Ohio city and, his parents forsaking that place for the Wisconsin woods before he had outgrown knickerbockers, his early training was in a lumber camp. At the age of twelve he worked his passage as a sailor on one of the lake schooners back to Cleveland, where he found employment as an office boy on *The Press* at a salary of eight dollars a week. His aptitude and love for newspaper work made his advancement rapid. Soon he had risen to the dignity of an assistant editor. Then followed his dismissal for insubordination. His candor was not appreciated. So he went to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. On that publication and later on the Detroit *News* he was a very competent reporter. His colleagues referred to him as a "star man." Particularly well did he handle the big stories, especially those involving problems of

Marceau

ADELE BLOCH
Will be seen as Olga in Henry W. Savage's road company of "The Devil"

human motive and conduct. His straightforward statement of facts made his writing distinctive and his services desirable; his habit of direct, unadorned speech constantly caused him difficulty. Once this habit caused his hurried departure from Cripple Creek —the striking miners resenting his outspoken manner. Again it cost him his place, a profitable one, on a Detroit newspaper. The youth was a loyal adherent of Governor Pingree.

"Potato Patch" Pingree, they called him, and Eugene Walter says he was one of the half dozen "Greatest Americans." "I loved Pingree, and when he died I was one of the few who wept," he says. The candid reporter informed his editor what he considered the duty of that newspaper toward Governor Pingree. The editor held different views. Again the penalty of lost emoluments was visited upon the candor of Eugene Walter.

While yet a minor he endeavored to enlist capital for an independent newspaper in Detroit. He learned that an independent newspaper can exist only in theory. A willing convert to wanderlust, his work as a reporter later carried him pretty much all over the country. Newspaper men in cities from New York to Seattle who to-day read with pride of his success as a dramatist proudly recall how they "covered stories" with Eugene Walter when he possessed but a single suit of clothing and no overcoat. And most of these strugglers relate that his candor was usually responsible for his changing his place of employment.

Wearied by many rebuffs he steered his course toward the setting sun. Leaving civilization as far behind as possible, he joined the garrison at Fort Assiniboine in Northern Montana. And at that northernmost post of the United States Army they still tell of "that plucky little soldier, Eugene Walter, who belonged to Troop H of the Sixth Cavalry." Later he turned up in New York as one of "the bright young men of the *Sun*."

At least he was a member of the staff of that newspaper, but the success of his brother who had preceded him and won local renown caused the young ex-cavalryman to chafe under what he considered a loss of individuality. "I was there as Mr. Walter's younger brother," he said. "They just about tolerated me. Never gave me but one chance, and when they seemed surprised at my making good I got sore and quit."

At this juncture of the Walter fortunes the late Kirke La Shelle became interested in the young man who wrote playlets "just for fun." The manager discovered what he believed to be a very strong situation in a play Walter had written and he asked the newspaper man to revise it. The author candidly objected to the proposed changes. After many arguments the will of the manager prevailed and the result was "Sergeant James," Walter's first drama, which was produced in Boston. Because of an ill-advised plan of giving this play a military setting, that kind of drama then being in popular favor, "Sergeant James" closed its career at the end of twenty weeks without ever having seen Broadway. Everyone who talked to the author had a different reason for the play's failure.

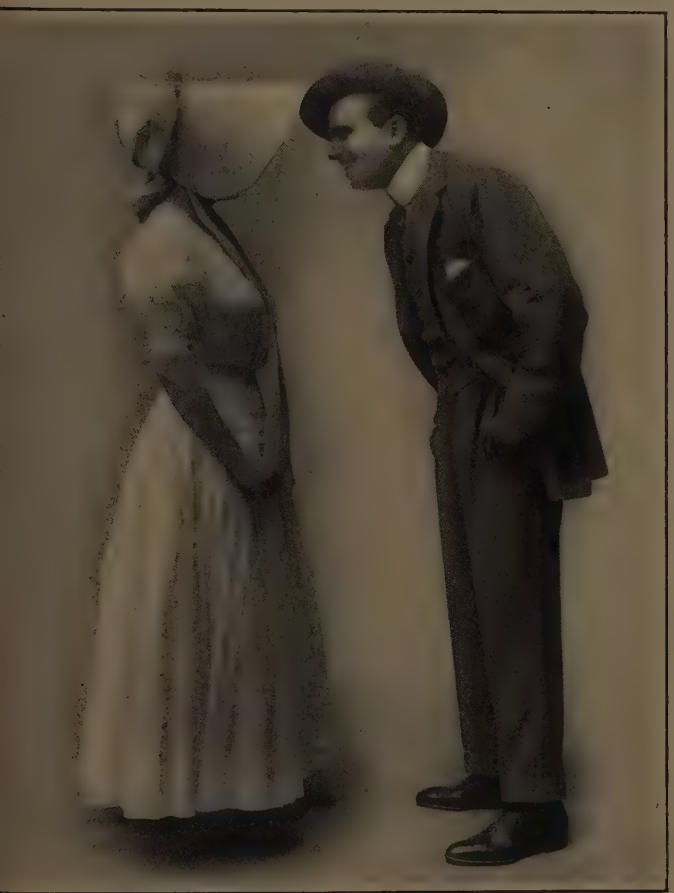
"I didn't know just which opinion was right," says Mr. Walter, "so I went into the show business. I wanted to learn enough to be able to know the real reason for the failure of the next play I might write." He became an advance agent, his initial experience being forty-five weeks of one-night stands with the Al G. Fields' Minstrels. Then he exploited the art and personality of the late J. H. Stoddart when that sterling actor was starred in "The Bonnie Briar Bush," and afterward he performed like services for Forbes Robertson, Joe Weber, George M. Cohan and Henry W. Savage's attractions. In addition to these activities the young man returned to army life during the Spanish War, narrowly missing a typhoid's grave. When newspaper work and theatrical openings were not to be had Mr. Walter served as a stable boy and later as a street-car conductor before he found time to write "The Undertow" under the circumstances described above. "After its opening in Harlem," he tells, "I went to Southold, Long Island, with my mother and put up a shack with the royalty money. There I wrote 'Paid in Full.' When that

(*Continued on page x.*)

Scenes in "All for a Girl" at the Bijou Theatre

hotos White Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh (Mrs. Clara Van Espen) Douglas Fairbanks (Harold Jepson) Ruth Shepley (Diana Dinwiddie)

ACT I. MRS. VAN ESPEN: "COME, YOU MUST MEET MISS HOADLEY"



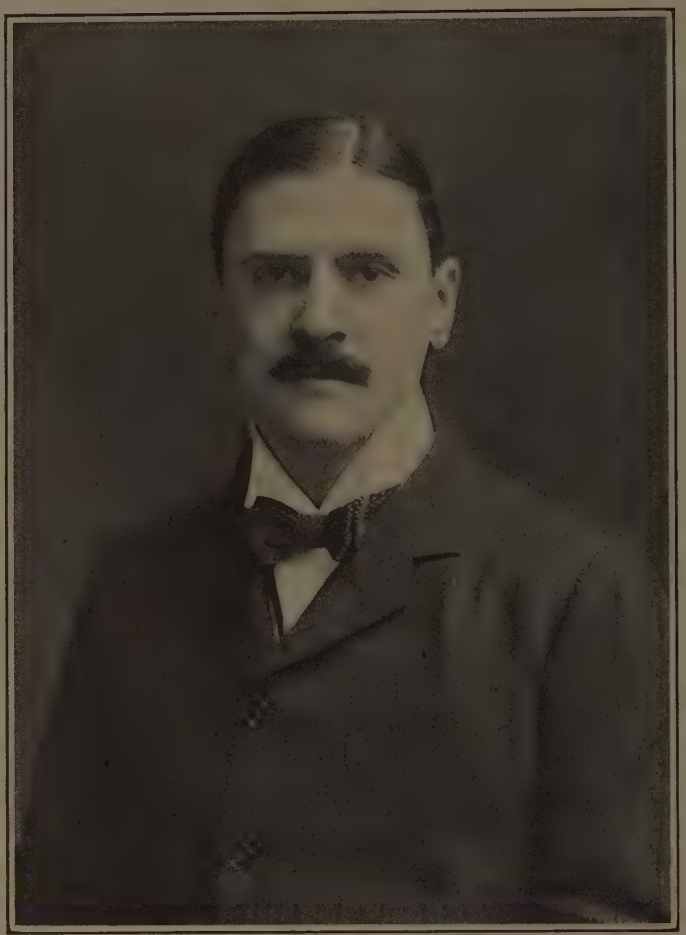
Adelaide Manola (Antoinette Hoadley) Harold Jepson

ACT II. ANTOINETTE: "WE'LL ASK QUESTIONS WHEN WE KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER"

Jane Corcoran (Mamie Broderick) John E. Brennan (Basil Mugg)

ACT III. MAMIE BRODERICK: "I COULD NEVER CHANGE MY NAME TO MUGG"

William Somerset Maugham and His Plays



WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Author of "Jack Straw," "Lady Frederick," etc.

SOME ten or twelve years ago, a young medical student of London wrote a book, and found himself famous. The medical student was Mr. William Somerset Maugham, the book, "'Liza of Lambeth." It was a remarkably clever study of the life and manners of the lower classes of that little known industrial city on the south side of the Thames, which is nevertheless one of the component parts of the huge British metropolis. Factories and workshops of all kinds abound in that part of London, and Mr. Maugham, in the course of his daily work as a member of the medical staff of St. Thomas' Hospital, had many opportunities to study the particular idiosyncrasies of the denizens of Lambeth. Mr. Maugham has an observant and receptive mind, a keen eye for the picturesque, and a happy knack of seeing things and people as they are, as also of clothing their thoughts in their own peculiar style of language. Hence, the story of 'Liza, the Lambeth girl, a realistic and most interesting study of a world, the existence of which is unknown to nine out of ten Londoners. Endowed with the gift of accurate observation, the young author recorded his impressions of the strange world of workers with which he was thrown professionally in daily contact; and if "'Liza of Lambeth" is not a novel—if by novel a work of pure fiction is meant—it is a true and striking, if at times sordid, picture of the life of a considerable part of the population of the British metropolis, of the ideas and feelings and prejudices of the lower orders, of their hard struggle for existence, of their vices, passions and merits and qualities.

Other works followed in rapid succession, but up to the present "'Liza of Lambeth" remains, in the opinion of most critics and readers, Mr. Maugham's most captivating book, that in which the human element is most powerfully introduced and most ably depicted.

Although Mr. W. S. Maugham is entitled to write after his name the initials M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., he never practised as a surgeon or physician. He found book and playwriting a more congenial occupation than attending to the ailments of his fellow beings and alleviating their sufferings. It is impossible to tell what medicine and surgery may have lost by Mr. Maugham's desertion; but one thing is certain, and that is that England and English letters have gained, and gained much, by the possession of an author of original talent, whose books and plays have charmed, and are daily charming, thousands and thousands of his fellow countrymen—many more certainly than he would ever have doctored or relieved of superfluous parts of their anatomy.

For about six or seven years Mr. Maugham wrote novels only; and then, in 1903, came his first play, "A Man of Honour," which was successful and marked him out as a playwright with a future before him. Those critics who expressed confidence in Mr. Maugham's talent and on the development of his dramatic instinct were not mistaken; but none of them, however, did foresee how rapidly his talent would ripen. At the present moment, that is within five years of the production of his first play, we find Mr. Maugham the happy author of four successful plays being acted simultaneously on the stages of four of the leading London theatres. This, probably, is without a precedent, and it constitutes a record of which any dramatist might justly be proud, the more so when, as in the present case, the author is not yet thirty-five years old.

Mr. Somerset Maugham was born in 1874 in Paris, where his father, the late Mr. R. O. Maugham, a distinguished lawyer, acted for many years as solicitor to the British Embassy. He was first educated in the French capital and then was sent to a school at Canterbury, after which he went to Heidelberg and became a student at the celebrated university. After spending some time in the picturesque old German city, he returned to England and studied medicine at St. Thomas' Hospital. During his residence in France and Germany, Mr. Maugham acquired a perfect mastery over the languages of those two countries, which he speaks with considerable ease and fluency. As an instance of his linguistic abilities it may be mentioned that he wrote in German a playlet which was produced in Berlin some six or seven years ago, under the title "Schiffbrüchig" (Shipwrecked).

Mr. Maugham lives in London, in the neighborhood of Grosvenor Square. He is a man of medium height, with dark hair and eyes, of spare build and of charmingly affable manners. He is most unassuming and nothing could exceed his simplicity and modesty of bearing. It is a hard task to get him to talk about himself. If, for instance, you ask him how, when a medical student, he came to write his first book, "'Liza of Lambeth," he will tell you that he was surprised at the success of this work, which, as he says, has really no plot and is simply a record of things he saw! He wonders, almost, that anyone should be interested in his literary and dramatic career. He seems to set small store on the keen sense of observation he displayed, or the art with which he has contrived to reveal to Londoners the existence in their midst of an unknown world and to create, as it were, an atmosphere redolent of the factory and of the workshop, in which live, move, act, weep and laugh in turns men and women of real flesh and blood. No mean achievement, this, for the début of a young

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AND JOSEPH COYNE IN "THE MOLLUSC" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

writer. An author gifted as is Mr. Maugham, with a highly developed faculty of observation, was bound to turn his attention to the stage. It was not enough for him to write about various characters, and leave to the reader's imagination the task of giving them life. He must make them act and speak, make them live, in a word, and the stage alone could enable him to realize his aims and ambitions.

It may be that his early training as a medical man stood him in good stead, and led him to bring to bear on the analysis of the feelings, passions, foibles and vices of contemporary English society the scientific methods of the physician and the surgeon, and to probe them to the bottom. The characters in his plays are essentially living men and women seen by a closely observant mind and by him transferred to the stage. Mr. Maugham does not write what the French call *pièces à thèse*. He does not attempt to prove anything in particular or to air new theories on life, morals, politics or philosophy.

Bangs

ANTOINETTE WALKER
Who will again be seen with David Warfield in "The Music Master"

It is admirable to see how, in his plays, he dissects—this is the appropriate word—his characters; how deftly and with what a light hand he lays open their hearts when they happen to possess a heart, and their brains when they have any! How real they are, how real their talk and deeds! They move in the right atmosphere; their surroundings are exactly suited to the particular class of society to which they belong, and they think, speak, act and behave as real, living men and women, not as mere puppets. Each act, as the play proceeds, is in natural and logical sequence to that which precedes it. Given a character in a certain situation, Mr. Maugham, with marvelous intuition as it seems, in reality with a keen insight and a profound knowledge of human nature, makes him act and move as he should naturally act and move. There is nothing artificial; it all seems obvious and simple, whilst it is, in reality, consummate art. Nor is there anything "stagey" in the way in which Mr. Maugham's characters express themselves; their language is that of the people we meet every day, and each of them has his own particular talk, as he has his peculiarities.

To Mr. Maugham it is a delight, as he readily admits, to see real men and women representing his characters, speaking the words which he has put into their mouths, and expressing the sentiments and feelings with which he has endowed them. They are in his hands instruments on which he plays the whole gamut and range of human passions. In his own words, it gives him "a thrill of pleasure," to see and hear them.

With characteristic modesty, Mr. Maugham likes to attribute most of his success to his interpreters, and says he has been very fortunate in having had most excellent artists to act his plays. This, of course, is true enough, when it is remembered that in "Lady Frederick" the principal artists were Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. Lowne; in "Jack Straw," Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Vane Featherstone and Mr. Charles Hawtrey; in "The Explorer," Miss

(*Continued on page x*)

HELEN ROYTON
Seen recently as Mrs. Jessie Sears in "The Girl Question" at Wallack's Theatre

EDMUND BREESE
Will play the chief rôle in Charles Klein's new play "The Third Degree," which opens in November

ANNE SUTHERLAND
Who will be seen this season as Portia Perkins in "I Take This Man"

Scenes in "The Girls of Gottenberg" at the Knickerbocker

Max Moddelkopf (James Blakeley) Mitzi (Gertie Millar) Otto (Lionel Mackinder)

ACT I. "A SIMPLE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN ON HIS WEDDING TRIP"

Gertie Millar James Blakeley

ACT II. MITZI AND MAX SINGING "SAUSAGES"

ACT II. THE "BERLIN CHORUS" IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG"

Schiller's "William Tell" as Played at Altdorf

HERR VON HABER
Who always takes the rôle of William Tell

IN the valley of the Reuss, just before the river flows into the great Vierwaldstättersee, in the midst of the most beautiful and picturesque surroundings, lies the valley of the Altdorf, the largest place in the Canton Uri. East of it one sees the sharp points of St. Gotthard, the mountains of Roststockkette, of Tirnfelder and the glacier Tödi. In the west are the rocky slopes of the Uri, the Rottstocks, the Bristen, and Yetshenstocke, and a little further to the northwest the Rätli, on whose green heights stands a lonely tree, under which, on New Year's Day, 1307, three men, Werner, Staüffacher of Schwyz, Walther Duke of Uri, and the young, strong Arnold Melchthal, each with three attendants, met to pledge their oath to the conditions that later on gave to Switzerland its independence.

The principal harbor town of the Canton Uri is Fluellen, but just before arriving at this point by boat one passes "Tell's Chapel," which stands upon the very spot upon which, according to tradition, the great hero jumped from his boat, and then shoved it, with the Landgraf Von Yessler in it, back into the waves. Four frescoes descriptive of the principal events in Tell's life, and executed by the great Zurich painter, Stückelberg, ornament its walls. Disembarking at Fluellen an omnibus takes one in less than an hour to the village of Altdorf.

The idea of giving the "William Tell" play on the historic ground, where it is supposed the arrow split the apple on the head of Tell's son, is as old as the place itself, but through lack of the requisite means it was very many years before the project could be accomplished. But in the year 1899 the Singing Clubs of Switzerland finally formed a committee at the suggestion of its president to discuss in a serious manner the feasibility of the scheme. Thus it was found that fully 50,000 francs would be necessary to cover the expenses of the undertaking. This sum the committee hoped could be raised by sending round subscription papers, accompanied by the promise that all moneys raised in the above manner should be returned out of the proceeds of the different performances. Twenty representatives of the play would therefore be necessary to liquidate the debt—ten performances in 1899, and the same number in 1900.

Not only the whole Canton of Uri but all Switzerland applauded the scheme, and came forward with the moneys needed. Consequently, just one year from the date when the plan was suggested, the first open-air performance of Tell's play was given with great success in the valley of Altdorf. At the conclusion (in 1900) of the twenty performances required to wipe out the debt, the performances had become so popular, and were so well attended, that those who had it in charge decided to give the same number in 1901, and after that a certain number each summer, if sufficient encouragement were given. To be less often disturbed, however, by the rainy weather of Switzerland, in 1901 a plain structure in chalet style was erected on the wide Schützenmalte, a meadow somewhat removed from the noises of the village.

This building holds about 1,200 persons. Its stage is 72 feet deep and 80 feet wide. It has 600 electric lights, five hundred of which, with strong reflectors, belong to the stage.

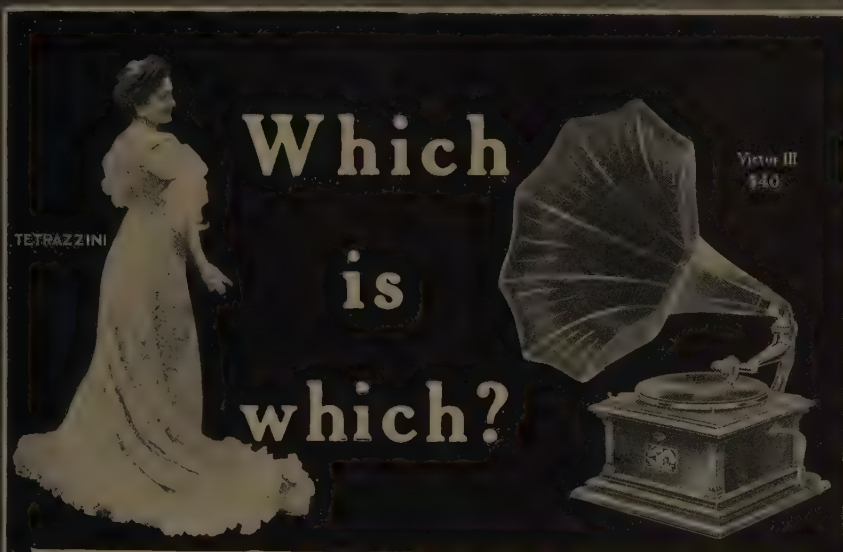
The different rôles of the play are all taken by native amateur actors. One, naturally, does not expect to find such players to be the most finished ones, but nevertheless they act so well, with so much feeling, and in such a natural and dignified manner that one is prone to overlook any small artistic faults.

Herr Von Haber, the Commander of the St. Gotthard Eastern boundary, takes the part of William Tell. His fine muscular frame agrees most admirably with one's idea of the hero whom he so perfectly represents. He has a very good, though altogether uncultivated voice. The rôle of Arnold Melchthal is undertaken by a local tradesman named Schmidt, who, with all the fire of youth, does his part creditably.

The introduction at Altdorf of horses on the stage is rather unfortunate—although entirely after Schiller's idea—as through the stamping of their hoofs, one loses much of the dialogue. For this reason on all other stages where the Tell play is given this realistic feature is left out. The Rütli oath and the shooting of the apple are both most admirably carried out at Altdorf, but the classic German in which the play is given appears not only to hamper but in certain cases to quite confuse the actors. It therefore seems a great pity that the play cannot be given in dialect.

The scenery, although not elaborate, is most perfectly carried out, and the costumes are all exact copies, in every detail, of the Tell period. The play lasts from two to six o'clock P. M., and while four hours at one time may be regarded as a long sitting, the interest of the audience never flags. L. M. D.

SCHILLER MONUMENT, "THE MYTHENSTEIN"



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Falling Hair. Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory in these cases.

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BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

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Bennington, Vermont

Eugene Walter

(*Continued from page 276*)

piece was sold I wrote 'The Wolf'; had it completed in one day less than a week. I wrote it to show that I could do a play antipodal in theme and treatment to my first big success. And I loved writing 'The Wolf' because the impressions were still strong of the life I had learned in the wilderness. I tried to show the simple poetry of the big, silent vastness."

The material for 'The Wolf' was obtained several years before, when Mr. Walter, with a friend, went gold seeking in Alaska. With dog-teams, the pair later explored the forests of Canada in midwinter, reaching Fort Reliance overland after a tempestuous journey. Their quest for the precious metal was fruitless and the budding dramatist returned to civilization and newspaper work.

Mr. Walter's next play, which is now finished, will be produced in November by one of America's most important managers. It differs radically from his former efforts and presents a phase of New York life absolutely new to the stage, but which, as seen by Eugene Walter, is more savage than the life of the wilderness. The play is daring in theme and powerfully executed.

Newspaper work, the playwright declares, is admirable preparation for writing plays. "The best in the world," he adds. "If a man takes his work in the right way, if he doesn't take it too seriously. If you take any work too seriously you will overreach whatever of creation there is in you. Good work is the kind that just oozes out of a man."

Eugene Walter is wifeless, but does not prefer that state. "The reason that I am not married is that the only woman I ever wanted to marry wouldn't have me," he says with his resistless candor. "I would have no objection to marrying if the right one would come along and take a chance."

"But must she be a blonde and dainty and eighteen?"

"No," was his response, "just a good pal."

ADA PATTERSON.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity has made it famous."

W. Somerset Maugham

(*Continued from page 280*)

Evelyn Millard, Miss M. Rorke, Miss Eva Moore and Mr. Lewis Waller; in "Mrs. Dot," Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Marie Illington, and Mr. Fred. Kerr. But if we know Mr. Maugham's opinion of his interpreters, we can guess at that of the distinguished artists who act his plays, and we are justified in thinking that they would say that Mr. Maugham has provided them with good and interesting parts, which it is a delight to them to play.

The idea of having some of these comedies played in America shortly is most gratifying to Mr. Maugham, and he looks forward to their production in the United States, the more so as he entertains a very high opinion indeed of American actors and actresses. As he told me himself, he has had various opportunities of witnessing performances by American artists on this side of the Atlantic, and he has been particularly struck with the admirable manner in which they act together and the smoothness of the *ensemble* they invariably manage to secure. The parts fit into each other, with a due sense of proportion, and every one is "in the picture" as the phrase goes.

Mr. Maugham has never crossed the Atlantic, but hopes soon to visit America, and who knows but that he may return to England with new and interesting subjects for more fresh theatrical successes? All his friends and admirers will hope that such may be the case.

P. V.

An Operatic Roof Garden

Oscar Hammerstein intends to have a roof garden on top of his Manhattan Opera House. The main entertainments on this opera house roof will be orchestral concerts by the combined orchestras of the Manhattan Opera House and the new Philadelphia Opera House. The two orchestras, taken together, number some 150 musicians, and their concerts will be given under the conductorship of Cleofanti Campanini. Singers and instrumental soloists of note also will appear from time to time. The stage will be 40 feet deep and 80 feet wide. For concerts a movable partition of aluminum in the shape of a shell will be used as an entirely new means of aiding acoustics.

Shakespeare for Five Cents

(Continued from page 265)

men and women, employed at good salaries, are richly costumed for the dramas and the ballets and fairy-tales and the dances that are performed before the machine. They are taken to the shores of lakes where murderous melodrama is to be performed. They are driven into beautiful gardens with long avenues of trees, where sentimental scenes are to be unfolded. It is remarkable to what extent the moving picture manufacturer will go in his anxiety and determination to obtain realism in his kinetoscopic play.

The American dramatist must look to his laurels; and evidently the American dramatist is not asleep in regard to the matter. For already he has carried his complaint to the Copyright Department at Washington. In Paris, the Pathé Frères—realizing the essential right of the French dramatist to his own property—have done the next best thing; they have arranged with members of the Society of French Dramatists and Authors to write special plays for use solely by the kinetoscope. If the talking-machines may preserve the voices of our opera singers, why may not the kinetoscope preserve the acting of our actors? For to carry the educational feature one step further, the time may not be far off when our dramatic schools will be instructed by Mme. Bernhardt and Coquelin from the moving picture screen.

Unfortunately, in our rush to introduce the moving pictures into this country—a rush that is creating a very thoughtless competition in the trade—our manufacturers are forgetting the ethics of the business. They have not as yet compromised in the French manner with the American dramatist, though they will be forced later on to do so; but they have been taking without permission the popular successes of the moment and turning them by the wholesale into kinetoscopic shows. That is why, in its last session, the Copyright Committee called before it many representatives of the American Dramatists' Club, especially those who were suffering by reason of the kinetoscopic performances of their plays. William A. Brady gave his evidence as to "Way Down East": "My play," so he said, "is now being printed on films of from a hundred to two hundred copies a week, by a company which is a member of this (moving picture) trust in Chicago; and yesterday one of my companies, composed of thirty-five people—men and women—was forced off the road and sent back to New York. They never can play again, because in nearly every one-night stand in this country "Way Down East" is being presented on every street corner, presented from a stolen manuscript, by a man who went into one of our theatres and took down a copy of our play, and sold it to this picture firm which is now destroying my property." At the same committee meeting Charles Klein spoke of "The Music Master," which had been presented at a Nickelodeon house on Fourteenth street. This competition with his own play hurt the gallery receipts at the Academy of Music; and such a condition is ruination in many instances to the manager, since the profits of a theatre are almost always to be found in the gallery.

During the course of this conference between legislators and theatrical people, it was brought out that contracts had been made in France by moving picture manufacturers with Edmond Rostand, Henri Lavedan and Alfred Capus for the writing of special plays, the former to do three fairy dramas, of which the first will be "The Sleeping Beauty"; while Lavedan will write an historical drama, dealing with the Duc de Guise, and Campus will depict scenes of financial life in Paris.

These are the possibilities of the kinetoscope in its relation to theatrical matters. Every phase of the subject has its intricate problems, from its scientific side, from its business side—which involves the same character of trust situation confronting the theatre—and from its social side. Yet a step from the manufacturer's room, where the films are done up in rolls of 900 to 3,000 feet, to the little place on Avenue B where the Herr Professor holds forth every evening during the year, is a step from the mechanical to the human.

No matter how dark the places, no matter how cramped the quarters, the ideal is nearly always to be found in out-of-the-way places. The librarian will tell you that in the most squalid home, if there is a glaring chromo on the wall, such a sign is enough to show that there is a spark of the artistic somewhere in the family. And when we find such a center as that ruled over by our

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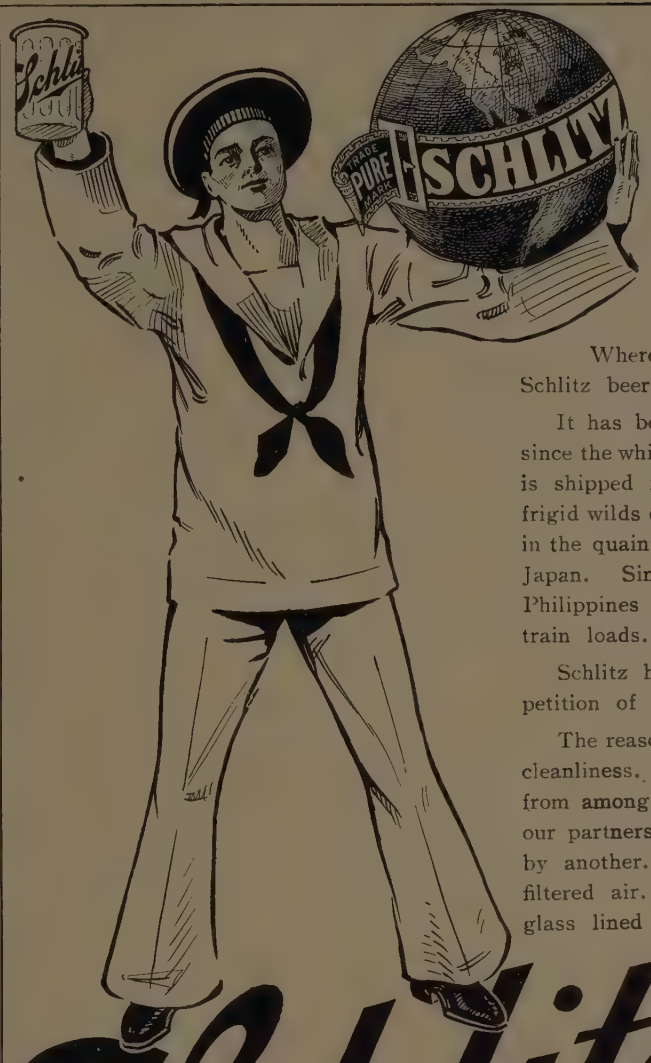

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A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES

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Herr Professor, the very existence of such a center points a moral no less than adorns a tale. For there lies before the American theatre management a clear and distinct duty, the duty of supplying legitimately and by means of the best acting the very best plays at the very lowest prices for audiences that are filling the Nickelodeon theatre nightly. Let it be remembered that Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth used to devote at least a week of their engagements to playing in the East Side of the city, where their audiences ranged from the artisan to the butcher-boy. It is this range the Nickelodeon is now entertaining. MONTROSE J. MOSES.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
For the Home and Office.

Bogus Theatre Managers

Thanks to the courage of a well-known London theatrical paper, one of the most daring of bogus theatrical managers has recently been exposed. This man's plan was to engage a company to open at a certain place, to which they had to pay their own fares, as well as provide a wardrobe. After the first night he decamped with the takings, leaving the company stranded. It was ultimately discovered that this man had no right to produce certain of the plays which he included in his repertoire; neither did he possess any scenery.

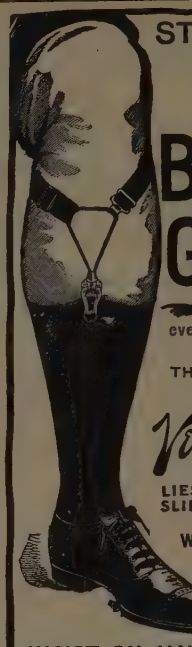
This, however, is not only one of the worst tricks of the bogus theatrical manager—for often the stranded actors and actresses are left penniless, and suffer great hardships in consequence—but it is also one of the oldest dodges. And yet, it is still worked with success by the sharks of the profession. In fact, during the last two or three years so many cases have occurred of rogues, styling themselves theatrical managers, engaging companies and then bolting with the week's receipts, leaving the company without money to pay their lodging and train fare home, that last year both the Theatrical Managers' Association and the Actors' Association took special action in the matter.

One instance of such fraud was of a particularly distressing character. A company was engaged to play in a musical comedy in the Midlands. On ingenious pretexts the "manager" borrowed £50 from the artists during the rehearsals, which lasted three weeks and for which they received no remuneration. The piece was duly produced, but the following Friday no salaries were paid, for the "manager" had disappeared. In another instance a company was booked to appear at a south coast resort and the resident manager of the theatre spent a considerable sum in advertising the play. On the Friday night, however, the touring manager ran off with the receipts, and letters sent to his various addresses were returned marked "Gone away."

It is gratifying to learn, however, that these rogues do not always escape. Austin Melford, the well-known actor-manager, tells an amusing story of how in his early career he tracked down a bogus manager with bloodhounds. The play was one in which the principal sensation was represented by the tracking of the villain by a couple of bloodhounds, and when it was discovered at the end of the week that the manager was missing with the little money that had found its way into the box office, the male members of the company resolved upon tracking him down with the bloodhounds of the cast. This they did so promptly and successfully that by the evening the fugitive was discovered.

Another type of bogus theatrical manager is the man who advertises in London papers, giving a provincial address, stating that he is getting together a company for a popular play. To those who apply to him for an engagement he writes saying that he has given them a certain part, and, to make the matter appear genuine, he sends a copy of the part in order that the actor or actress may go on learning the words until the first rehearsal. This is ultimately followed by a second letter in which the "manager" states that he has an opportunity of buying a complete wardrobe for the part—wigs, dresses and other "props"—and asking that money might be sent in order that he can purchase the same for the artist. More often than not the money is sent and of course neither the play nor the manager is heard of again.

Possibly, however, the theatrical swindler who meets with most success nowadays is the "manager" who professes to run a school for actors and actress in connection with his companies and thus fleeces the stage aspirant who imagines that histrionic talent and fame can be obtained by a few lessons in elocution and an introduction, for it must be confessed that there are still plenty of young men and women to be found who are willing to be duped by these stage tutors and introducers in spite of the warnings which have been issued from time to time. There are several perfectly genuine and well-conducted schools for training actors and actresses in London and elsewhere, but you must exercise care in selecting one run by efficient teachers.—*Tit-Bits.*



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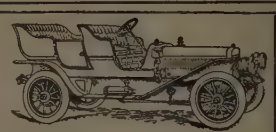

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The Play, "The Devil"

(Continued from page 270)

KARL: You may rest assured that the contents of that letter were of an indifferent character.

DEVIL: Oh—quite indifferent, I am sure.

KARL: You will miss your train.

DEVIL (*kisses Olga's hand*): Again I ask ten thousand pardons. Good-bye!

OLGA (C.): Karl, I would have given one year of my life if you had not burned that letter.

KARL (R. C.): Why—you told me—why, what did it contain?

OLGA: You know it all. What I told you a few moments ago. And now—(*goes to fire*)—burned to ashes. My first love letter—the trembling confession of my infatuation with you, which I would love to have read over and over again with you. I want that letter back to drink in its passion—I don't want to think! I want to be happy! Only happy! If I but had that letter back! Karl! (*They start to embrace. Devil enters* R. *with hat and coat on, carrying a traveling bag.*)

KARL: I thought you'd gone. (*Goes up into studio.*)

DEVIL: I ask ten thousand pardons—so careless of me. By some mistake, I gave you my coal bill instead of your letter. (*Gives Olga letter.*)

OLGA (*runs up and joins Karl*): Karl! Karl! Karl! I have my letter! (*Throws herself into Karl's arms.*) My letter!

(*Olga and Karl exit together reading letter.*)

DEVIL: There you are. (*Picks up his bag and exits* R.)

(CURTAIN)

The foregoing excerpts are published in the THEATRE MAGAZINE through the courtesy of Mr. Henry W. Savage.

The New Plays

(Continued from page 261)

opera were the songs and dances. Miss Louise Dresser, Miss May Naudain, John Hazzard and Eddie Garvie were on their own soil. The new English comedian, Mr. Blakeley, was resourceful. Curiously enough, his humor and his business seem to be based on a study of German models. This is not to be accounted for by the fact that the scene of the action is in Germany. Miss Gertie Millar is lithe, graceful, and spiritual. The opera is of no consequence; some of the people are. It is perhaps not necessary for the education of our readers that we keep them informed of all the irrelevant songs in the operas of the day; but that they were as irrelevant as they were pleasing may be seen from the titles of some of them, such as Miss Louise Dresser's *I Remember You* and *Queenie Was There With Her Hair in a Braid;* Miss Naudain's *I Can't Say You Were the Only One;* Miss Millar's *Mr. Schneider,* and the droll duet, *Sausage,* sung by Miss Millar and Mr. Blakeley.

EMPIRE. "JACK STRAW." Comedy in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced Sept. 14 with this cast:

Jack Straw, John Drew; Ambrose Holland, Edgar L. Davenport; Lord Serlo, Frank Goldsmith; Count Adrian Von Bremer, Mario Majeroni; Mr. Parker Jennings, Fred Tyler; Vincent, his son, Edwin Nicander; Rev. Lewis Abbott, E. Soldene Powell; Mrs. Parker Jennings, Rose Coghlan; Ethel, Mary Boland; Lady Wanley, Adelaide Prince; Rosie Abbott, Kate Kimball; Mrs. Withers, Grace Henderson.

A new writer is hardly new, unless he appears with new material and a new idea. It may be a trifling idea, but, if well handled, it serves the purpose. This is the case with "Jack Straw," a play written by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, in which Mr. John Drew appears this season. The comedy idea involved in the manner and doings of a vulgar newly rich woman, who frankly acknowledges her bad grammar, but confidently relies on her millions to palliate every error and every social offense and to advance her in society, is not new, but to have a waiter at a restaurant foisted on her as a nobleman, to invite the gentry to meet him, and to be unable to rid her house of his presence, after discovering his identity, affords a series of incidents of such a diverting character as to make any audience happy. The circumstances leading up to the invitation of the supposed nobleman to visit the house are awkwardly managed. Theoretically, the action is clear enough; but the first act of this play is badly staged, badly managed and badly acted throughout, Mr. John Drew himself leaving little impression. The first act is slow, very slow, showing a lack of adeptness somewhere; but in the last two acts the comedy is delicious and Mr. Drew is himself. A vulgar rich woman

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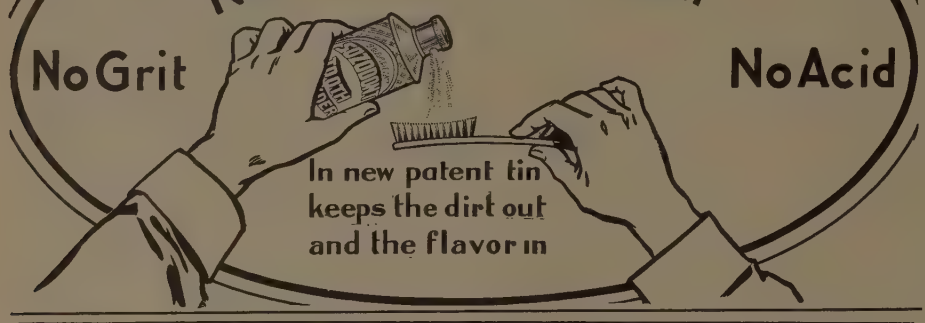

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers, **26 West 33d Street, New York**

snubs a girl, the protegée of a woman of rank. Her companion discovers in the waiter an eccentric character, who in reality is the Archduke of Pomerania. He has the manners of a gentleman, and the aristocratic woman conceives the plan of introducing him to the vulgar family as a person of rank. The waiter, having been insulted himself, agrees to the suggestion, and assumes his own title. He leaves the stage for a few moments and returns clean shaven and dressed for the occasion. The action which we have outlined then follows. The various moods of the vulgar rich woman, with adulation for her distinguished visitor, with her social ambition, with her rage when she discovers the supposed impostor, her helplessness in view of the scandal that would come if the facts were made public, her suppressed wrath at having to conceal the truth before her own servants, and the various phases of the changing situations, give Miss Rose Coghlan opportunities which are joyously welcomed by the audience. The situation is real enough, but trifling and designed only for entertainment. A servant masquerading as a prince is not new to the stage, but the handling of the incidents gives the action a distinct quality of its own. At one time a supposed servant, an impostor, he is in reality an archduke, which fact appears at the proper moment. That the daughter of the house is in love with him or he in love with her is preposterous, but Mr. Drew succeeds in giving a graceful plausibility to it, and he secures some genuine laughter in proposing to her in the presence of his rival. The piece is clever in its way, in spite of some of its unreason, and Mr. Drew sustains himself in it at his customary high level.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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LYCEUM. "LOVE WATCHES." Comedy in four acts adapted by Gladys Unger. Produced Aug. 27 with this cast:

Count Andre De Juvigny, Cyril Keightley; Ernest Augarde, Ernest Lawford; The Abbe Merlin, W. H. Crompton; Mons. Carteret, Stanley Dark; Germain, Horace Porter; Francois, William Claire; Chauffeur, William Edgar; Jacqueline, Billie Burke; Lucie de Morfontaine, Maude Odell; Marquise de Juvigny, Kate Meek; Charlotte Bernier, Louise Drew; Baroness de St. Ermin, Isabel West; Christine, Ida Greeley-Smith; Solange, Anne Bradley; Rose, Laura Clement; Louise, Maud Love; Maid, Charlotte Shelby.

We have in Billie Burke the sudden apparition of a new name, a new spirit, and a charming individuality. She accomplished her sweeping victory in an almost impossible play, "Love Watches," adapted into perfect propriety from the French of De Flers and Caillavet. Possibly in the original it is a comedy of manners, but we accept it only because it is a farce in its new form. Its comedy is supplied in the acting, for there we have complete naturalness engaged in trifling absurdities. French dramatists have a theory that a girl educated at a convent is entirely ignorant of the world and absolutely innocent in her thoughts. It is not easy to say how they can reconcile this state of mind to her immediate change, on marriage, to intrigue and infidelity, in plays at least. It is more than likely that the French girl, aware of this little fiction of her innocence, accommodates herself to it in real life and plays the part so well that nobody in France doubts her pretty pose. The world over we love and believe in the appealing innocence of girlhood. The reality of it exists universally in France in well-bred families. But the maiden of the playwright is obviously overdrawn in French plays always. She is played in that impossible way, with a simper of ineffable goodness. We only say this to point out that this exaggerated fiction must be accepted before American audiences can surrender themselves to this delightful comedy. We are eager to accept this point of view. It does not suggest itself that Miss Gladys Unger had much adapting to do. It could never be adapted into our heads by anybody that the girl seriously meant harm when she fled to her bookish lover, another impossible character. It may be that the French enjoyed these possible angles of view as delicious comedy in themselves.

Here is a girl so innocent in heart, so impulsive, so ignorant of the world and its conventions that she tells a young man (already chosen for her by her family) that she loves him and invites his kisses. He accepts her. Her infatuation, that of a child, sets in. They are married. When she hears that he has been in love before, and with a charming widow who used to call him Snoodles, she determines to fly to an old bookworm of a lover, another impossible character. As she says, "She does not know what she is going to do, but she is going to do it." It is a delicately pleasing scene when she presents herself at his house, in his library, and declares her intention. He is a modest man of letters, but he welcomes this love as greater and more romantic than any records in history. He takes quite an archeological view of it. She changes her whim and re-

fuses to be caressed by him, emphasizing her point of view with a slap. She asks him about his love affairs! He gets out a box of letters from the women he has adored. She wants to know all about the passion. She wants experiences. He reads from some of the letters, but finally has to confess, by reading further from them, that he had never won a woman's heart yet; the notes all declined to meet or to encourage him. In the ending of the play the husband is satisfied of the innocence of his girl wife's escapade. The bookworm marries his secretary and the girl is secure thereafter. The husband is going to accept her romantic and whimsical idolatry in all its exactions. The happenings in this play cannot be taken seriously, for love is trifled with; but the semblance of reality is vastly more entertaining than if the emotions and the doings were meant for actualities of life. The play would be absurd if what we saw was possible. Miss Billie Burke alone makes it possible, at least in this version of the play. She is so much alive, so petulant, so whimsical, so earnest, so convincing, so artless and yet so full of artifice, so charming in person, with so many resources, that her performance is unique. Her career is assured by her distinct individuality. She reminds one of Lotta, who was unique in her day, but Miss Billie Burke is physically more attractive than Lotta was, with the same archness. Mr. Ernest Lawford played the part of the bookish lover to whom Jacqueline fled in her whim on the same key with Miss Billie Burke. He had the task, equally, of portraying an impossible character and making it lovable, amusing and natural.

WALLACK'S. "The Regeneration." Play in four acts by Owen Kildare and Walter Hackett. Produced Sept. 1 with this cast:

Arthur Ames, Edwin Arden; Owen Conway, Arnold Daly; Skinny, Roy Fairchild; Casey, Edward Heron; Dempsey, William Harrigan; Mickey, George Leach; Terry the Buzzer, Charles Haynes; Spencer Gray, Harold M. Cheshire; Reginald Hollister, R. W. Tucker; Hawkins, John Harrington; Marie Deering, Jessie Izett; Nellie, Helen Ware; Mrs. Parsons, Mary Frances Boyce; Ollie Parsons, Janet Beecher; Mrs. Deering, Mathilde Deshon; Lizzie May, Rose Allin.

The regeneration of a Bowery tough, mainly through the instrumentality of a woman, a slum worker, affords the material for a play that is striking, and in certain respects very convincing, because of the verity of it all. Mr. Owen Kildare knows his subject. His own personal experience in life, it is said, is back of it all. It is, consequently, an honest, a true play, in spite of its occasional bits of melodrama. Its intent was not to be purely melodramatic. The author had a much higher purpose. It is his plea for the manliness that can rise from the depths. In substance the story is pathetic and invites respect. A certain immaturity alone invalidates some of the purposes of the play. There is a touching scene in which the school teacher teaches the Bowery convert his alphabet and then makes him recite the Lord's prayer after her. He is forced to conceal a criminal companion of his in her room and to lie to her about it. The school teacher has a suitor who discloses to the reformed man that she is in love with him, her pupil, and represents to him the folly and unwisdom of his taking advantage of it. The talk and advice has its effect. The man from the Bowery permits himself to be captured by the police and "sent up" for aiding a criminal to escape. The introduction of the element of love is fatal to the full effectiveness of the play.

LIBERTY. "Wildfire." Comedy in three acts by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart. Produced Sept. 7 with this cast:

John Garrison, Thurston Hall; Doctor Woodhurst, John D. O'Hara; John Duffy, Franklyn Roberts; Ralph Woodhurst, Joseph Tuohy; Matt Donovan, Frank Sheridan; Fred Sanderson, Sydney Booth; Bertie Almsworth, Gilbert Douglas; Chappie Raster, Ernest Truex; Bud, Will Archie; Peter Johnson, T. Hayes Hunter; Myrtle Wentworth, Ellen Mortimer; Janet Sterling, Mary Elizabeth Forbes; Hortense Green, Annie Buckley; Mrs. Henrietta Barrington, Lillian Russell.

Taken altogether, "Wildfire," in which Lillian Russell has established her right to be considered from a new point of view, that of an actress, is by no means a good play at all points. The circumstances of the action are not always reasonable, and the subordinate action, important as it is to the plot, with its characters, is sketchy and shadowy; but the authors having accomplished what they had in mind, provide a vital part of the play which is instinct with life. A widow owns a stable of race horses left to her by her husband. Her sister is engaged to be married to the son of an influential man, a preacher, who is at the head of the anti-racing movement before the legislature. The match is a desirable one, and in order not to jeopardize the happiness of her sister, the widow has her stable run under the name of one Duffy. Only her trainer knows that she is the

(Continued on page xxi)

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WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

Their Habits, Types of Beauty, Marriage Customs, Social Status, Influence

T. ATHOL JOYCE, M.A.
Hon. Sec. Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland

EDITED BY

N. W. THOMAS, M.A.
Author of "Natives of Australia," "Kinship and Marriage in Australia," etc.

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N. B.—The following issues, June, Aug., Sept., Oct. and Dec., 1901, being entirely out of print, are not sold separately any more, and can only be supplied in the complete bound book.

Concerning Headwear and Clothes

October Fashion Talks by Mlle. Thespis

ALAS and alack, how fickle a thing is Fashion's favor; how brief a thing is a fashion fad! The sheath skirt, meaning thereby the slashed skirt, is already a thing of the past, quite crowded off the stage, —the fashion stage, for it still flourishes in or on every chorus in town.

And in its place behold a something quite as shocking to the esthetic, if not to the moral sense, a skirt whereof the draperies, ample draperies at that, form a sort of border or battlement about the very edge.

Have you seen it, this latest production of the house of Paquin?

And will you, can you, must you, wear it?

Draw a long breath and think it over. It is so new, so rawly new, this latest Paquin skirt, that even the actress folk just in from Europe have it not; only some of the very smartest shops, who are keen for novelties. We will not go into details, for you must assuredly know this new skirt when you see it, and Mlle. Thespis has more generally interesting points to talk of this month.

The Mood of the Mode

The pensive hat is upon us. Two seasons ago every hat drooped, some openly pined. Last spring our headwear fairly rollicked,—merry-widowed, if you please.

Now it is *les chapeaux pensif.* For which provide,—one big and low crown; one broad brim.

One tiny suggestion of a roll to the latter; or perhaps a dent, just a modest little perk of a dent, in the front or the side.

Drooping trimming, and the ties!

Adjust all this carefully above a pair of gray-blue eyes and resting on a mop of gold-brown hair, and you have it,—

The very latest hat!

Is it attractive?

Look for the answer on page xxii.

These very newest of the new hats are for dressy wear, of course. They are topping off smart first-night box costumes, and later, when the social season opens, will no doubt figure prominently in reception and formal toilettes.

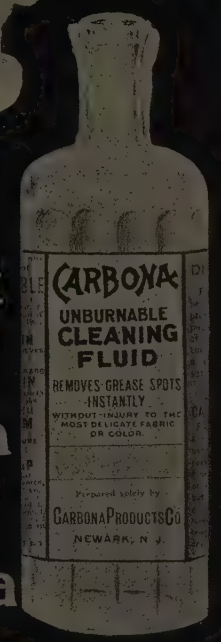
Things Strange and New

A trip through the bonnet shops gives one all sorts of shocks and surprises these days. Such strange materials one sees, and such curious ways of using them.

Fabric hats, Madame the modiste says, are very new. Certainly we agree with her. Velvet hats, of course, are no novelty; silk hats have had considerable vogue recently.

THEATRE COSTUMES BY MOOD WORN AT RECENT FIRST NIGHTS

It's safe to do this WITH CARBONA BUT



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"They Lace In Front"

THAT certain something you call Parisian style and snap in gowns worn by French women—It is the result of their exquisite artistic sense. And to the creative result of that sense, American women owe much.

To one French woman belongs the credit for designing the first truly artistic corset.

Naturally, she was an artist. A famous one—Mme. Consuello Foulde de Grasse, whose paintings adorn the salons of Paris and the most famous galleries of America.

Mme. Consuello Foulde de Grasse conceived the idea of a habit-back, front-lacing corset which would mold women's forms in beautiful lines—and be easy to adjust. The idea was developed by that noted French gown-maker, Mme. Margaine La Croix. This corset was called L'Irresistible. The Gossard Corset, the American counterpart of L'Irresistible—with further valuable perfections built into it—

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Hogarth, the famous English artist, was right when he said, that the natural line of a woman's spine is the most beautiful line of art.

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FASHIONABLE FURS

Models for the Winter Season are now being exhibited

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New location will be 518 Fifth Avenue, at 43d St.

THREE SMART BURGESSER STREET HATS

But who, before September 1st of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight, ever saw a cashmere hat?

Rub your eyes then and behold one now. Not a modest little street runabout toque either, but a big trimmed, big crowned affair, perhaps beautifully braided all over the brim, and trimmed with the most astonishing rosettes and feathers.

"There Is a Reason," to Quote the Breakfast Food Man

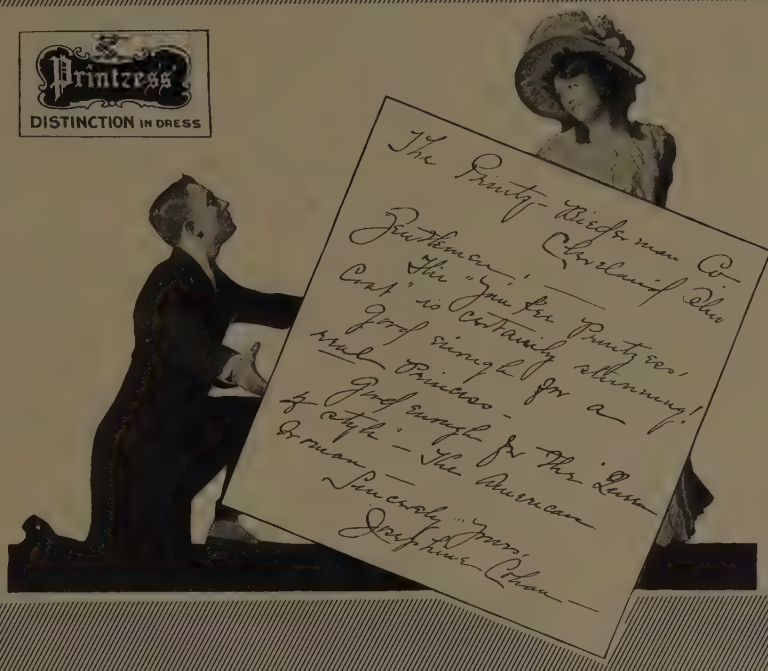
The reason back of the cashmere hat is the vogue of cashmere for costumes. A new and glorified cashmere it is, an aristocrat of fabrics. "Cashmere de soie" they call it, because of its pure silk warp. And because of that self-same pure silk warp the few shops that show this material unblushingly ask from $3.50 to $6.00 a yard for it. After all, such a beautiful thing is worth the price; it falls into wonderful lines, and it comes out of the dye-pot a thing to worship for its color. Besides which, they tell us only one town in France manufactures these beautiful silk cashmeres, and they are therefore difficult to obtain.

Hats of White Ottoman Rep the Latest

To return to the subject of headgear. You've seen the white silk hats, of course; certainly you have if you've been on the other side since August 1st, for Paris suddenly adopted these big smoothly covered, simply trimmed white silk hats to the practical exclusion of aught else in chapeaux.

Mostly they are of the heavy ribbed Ottoman silk, and the trimming is invariably extremely simple, a fancy

THE DERNIER CRI IN TAILORED COSTUMES BY HICKSON



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feather of some distinction of shape or quality, a pair of wings, or maline ruchings. The very smartest of them are all white. We will likely see these white silk hats in some favor for theatre wear this winter.

Then there are the hats trimmed a la Pocahontas, with a very warlike looking "wreath" of quills. Pause and consult at least three glasses before you purchase this hat. While it is distinctly charming on the round baby-faced woman it has a way of converting severe features into a suffragette of the most pronounced type, which is most disconcerting.

Speaking of oddities in hats,—what do you think of a shawl on a hat? Uncommon, certainly, and not the sort of thing one warms to in print. But once you've seen it in the "Fluffy Ruffles" production, a wondrous gray silk affair with a heavily fringed crêpe shawl, also gray, so draped that the fringe forms a back curtain,—well, we, for one, felt our wonder speedily merged into delight at the beauty and artistic grace of the thing, and counted it the best bit of clothing in the cast.

ZAISS MODEL
Shows the elegant simplicity of New York's Beau Monde

DEMI-DRESS HATS FROM GAGE

JOSEPHINE COHAN
In her Yankee Printzess Coat of the famous Salfner Cloth

Evening Headwear

Very wonderful creations in the way of theatre hoods and scarfs are being shown. They bear the unmistakable stamp of their birthplace, Paris. Carlier is making ravishing conceits in chiffons and ribbons. One is of ribbon sewed into a monk's cowl, frilled with pleated ribbons, and bordered with a band of faded roses. Others are wired out like calashes, presumably to protect the elaborate coiffure beneath. These hoods are really more ornamental than protective, but they're a pronounced fad this season.

The Dernier Cri in the Matter of Sashes Is Here

It is whispered that this latest sash conceit was originated for a woman well known on both sides the water as a criterion of style. This is a sash like unto none that went before. It is very wide, and of moire, mind you, not of satin. In the back there is a big flat bow caught down to the dress without the slightest bit of bulk. In front is a quaint swinging girdle effect of unquestioned Greek origin. There is a smart cutaway coat provided for this, trimmed only with buttons and the taffeta facing on collar and cuffs. The model comes from Hickson's, and is in a new shade of blue broadcloth, the skirt plain save for the above mentioned sash.

The best dressed New York women will unquestionably affect a severe and simple Directoire costume for most daytime appearances once the season opens. Such a type is the Zaiss model shown on the left of this page.

There is no such thing as imitating this costume. One must have the genuine article, highest grade broadcloth, the perfection of cut and draping, the choice of the finest color, the perfect matching of tones in the various fabrics. Long straight lines characterize the costume, and the pure Directoire rever that folds gracefully, and the long sash, are of handsomest satin.

In White and Gold

Theatre toilettes are growing more noticeably rich as the season advances, leading up, as it were, to the amazing elegance and luxury of grand opera opening night.

Theatre toilettes by Mood, on page xvi, have each an interesting

(*Continued on page xxii*)

(Continued from page xv)

real owner. Duffy himself does not know. Duffy is a very tough character. The scene of the act is in the training quarters of the stable. Hardly a detail has been neglected. We see the care that the trainer takes to keep outsiders from getting a look at the horses, particularly Wildfire, upon whom the fortunes of the stable depend. Duffy appears and gives his orders to the negro jockey. His is to wave his handkerchief from the window or not wave it, according as he may wish to have Wildfire pulled or win the race. The jockey has always been honest, but he will follow instructions. A diminutive stable boy has put his money on Wildfire and from the stable loft he has heard Duffy's orders. The race is about to be run. He slides down the pole and is found on the floor in a paroxysm of anger and disappointment by the widow, who learns from him Duffy's scheme. Duffy had previously tried to ingratiate himself with her, she now humors him, and as the horses dash by she seizes the handkerchief from his pocket and waves Wildfire to victory. All this is melodramatic, but very effective. It is the acting of the trainer, Mr. Frank Sheridan, and Will Archie, the diminutive stable boy, that illustrates the pre-eminence in the creation of types which makes much of our American playwriting distinctive. In the last act Miss Russell has some opportunity in a situation requiring emotion as well as polite comedy. It is enough to say that she proved herself to be, in truth, an actress. She has heretofore been so pampered with adulation, the admiration for her being genuine enough, that she has been content to retain traces of the triumphant helplessness of the beautiful amateur; but in this play she proves that she can act and that she has intelligence and good sense of a very discriminating kind.

SAVOY. "DIANA OF DOBSON'S." Comedy in four acts by Cicely Hamilton. Produced Sept. 5 with this cast:

Miss Smithers, Beatrice Moreland; Miss Kitty Brant, Mildred Morris; Miss Jay, Jane Lloyd; Miss Diana Massinberd, Carlotta Nillson; Miss Morton, Katherine Kappell; Miss Pringle, Florence Edney; Mrs. Cantelupe, Ffolliott Paget; Waiter, Frederick Beane; Mrs. Whyte Fraser, Millicent McLaughlin; Sir Jabez Grinlay, Harrison Carter; Capt. The Hon. Victor Bretherton, Richard Bennett (Specially Engaged); Old Woman, May Galyer; Police Constable Fellowes, Louis Massen.

Diana, a shop girl, suddenly inherits £300, and determines to spend it in one month in the glorious life of the rich. She goes to a summer resort in the Alps, where she attracts immediate attention as a supposedly wealthy widow. The aunt of a young English guardsman schemes to bring about a marriage between her comfort-loving nephew and the great catch. She is also addressed by a very rich tradesman, whom she rejects with a lecture on the ways of business men who depress wages. She confesses to the young guardsman what the true situation is. He upbraids her as an adventuress; she retorts that he is a fortune hunter and could not make a living by his own efforts. Three months later they meet on the Thames embankment, both penniless, at three o'clock in the morning. They are reconciled, and the curtain falls on their repast of coffee and rolls from a cheap restaurant bought with money borrowed from a policeman, who had once belonged to the young guardsman's command. This is a good story; a good story before the performance and after the performance, but not during it. The action was lacking, and strangely enough not because it was not in the manuscript of the play. It was wholly misinterpreted. Miss Carlotta Nillson belongs to the natural school of acting. That means softness, choking down sobs, suppressing emotion, to be a lady in any and all possible imaginable human circumstances, never to be visibly surprised at anything, to speak easy and to move softly. Dobson's Diana, a girl who would spend fifteen hundred in one month on a lark, is not subject to natural acting. Mr. Harrison Carter, as the rich old tradesman, was the only one of the cast to hit the mark.

CRITERION. "FLUFFY RUFFLES." Musical play in three acts by John J. McNally. Music by W. T. Francis and lyrics by Wallace Irwin. Produced Sept. 7 with this cast:

Fluffy Ruffles, Hattie Williams; David Dill, John Bunny; Noggie Noggles, Bert Leslie; Herbert Henshaw, Jack Gardner; Dimple Dick Durham, Fletcher Norton; Francois Franconi, Edouard Durand; Boggs, Chas. R. Burrows; John Bilks, Victor Hyde; Tom Jones, Frank Lewis; Anatole, Victor Le Roy; Jacques, William Quirk; Andre, Roy Dennison; Madame Shonts, Lida McMillan; Mrs. Herbert Henshaw, Nellie Butler; Isabelle Barlow, Helena Frederick; Louise, Adele Rowland; Sadie, Florence Martin; Minnie Swizzle, Nettie Hyde; Mattie Swizzle, Bessie Clifford; Marie, Evelyn Richman; Mme. Molly Maloni, Mattie O'Brien; Carrie Crewe, Violet Hemming; Belle Binks, Elsie Drews; Jane Jorkins, Hazel Jocelyn; Lucille, Jane Hall; Sarah Scruth, Florence Averill; Clarabelle, Madge Melbourne; Pauline, Mabel Mercer; Estelle, Helen Mortimer; Marguerite, Ethel Filmore; Clairette, Ethel Kelly; Hon. Augustus Traddles, George Grossmith, Jr.

For many months newspaper readers have been

(Continued on page xxiv)

THE Oriental's love of the beautiful is well shown in the silks which the Oriental woman wears and has worn for hundreds of years.

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Write today for our new booklet on Suskana Silks. It will furnish you with a full line of samples and give you a great many valuable hints regarding the texture of silk and how to know and buy the best quality silks at a given price. This book is free and it will pay you to send for it.

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(*Cont'd from page xx*)

story to tell you. The figure on the left shows a white cloth theatre wrap, half coat, half cape, resembling a vestment somewhat in shape and in its rich embroideries of gold. The trimming scheme is more charming — dull gold bands combined with gold lace heavily darned in gray silk, with hand embroideries in gray and gold.

The New-shaped Train

Very "Directoire" in line is the new costume in the center,—white cloth with gold embroideries and lace. The line of the hip, emphasized by the set-in panel, is charming. Huge buttons embroidered in golden spider-webs indicate the slashing. Note the new train, long and square. Let us whisper you a secret—these square trains are the outcome of the narrow cut skirts—so very narrow that to walk at all the train must be cut free as this is.

THIS HAT FROM RENARD SHOWS THE EXTREME OF THE DIRECTOIRE MODE

The Height of the Gold Lace Craze

Chiffon velvet is used for the costume on the right. It is wrapped softly around the figure, very close and clinging, and untrimmed save for a curious fringe of silk and gold.

But the feature of this costume is the yoke and sleeves of gold net. It is hard to imagine the richness of this—and the novelty of its effect over an ivory white skin. Very Parisian and very faultlessly perfect are the dressy cloth costumes for visiting and afternoon wear shown on page xviii. Long simple skirts—long semi-fitted coats—much be-buttoned, and cleverly be-braided, are the general sketch lines. The little waistcoat, fascinating little vests or waistcoats of satin form a part of these costumes. The smartest of these match the cloth exactly in shade. One sees fancy vestings — but so far not many of them are worn.

ANOTHER HAT FROM RENARD SHOWING THE EXTREME OF THE DIRECTOIRE MODE

Have You Seen—

The new colors of the season as illustrated in the Arliss-Devil production costuming? They are all there—the dull rose, the new blue, the stone gray, the prettiest bit of color scheming on the stage this fall.

The way the sash of Billie Burke's white embroidery frock is arranged? There's an end on either side the waist, which does the trick of slimming the hips to perfection.

The way charming Billie arranges her hair ornaments? That curious comb on the side of the head is individual and smart.

The way Miss Fluffy Ruffles' white broadcloth frock was braided? There was a little outline of a bolero—which extends down the sides widening out into a broad panel—all this in a copper color soutache. Most of us thought this the best thing in the show.

Are you going to wear a breakfast cap this winter? If one were sure of being as fascinating in a cap as the Mollusc it would seem the part of wisdom to adopt the style. It's not a wholly new notion, this bit of ribbon and lace, donned to cover a simple coiffure mornings.

Have you noticed the leaning toward coats in the Mollusc's costumes? One wonders if the close, heavy lace coat that ornaments the dinner costume is intended to represent a shell. Really it suggests one.

Wonderful new fur garments are being shown in the shops, priceless things, fit for royalty, and yet, we are told, are selling almost daily to our American women. Great long coats of fur seal, quaint stripings in sable and mink and silver fox that are almost priceless have been shown Madamoiselle Thespis within the last week. Next month we will tell you more of the fine furs, and illustrate some special beauties.

New Fitted Petticoat

The "ANNA HELD"

The sensation of the Fashion World. Clinging closely to the form from the waist over the hips and down to the deep flounce without a pucker, it presents an ideally smooth surface upon which the closest fitting gown of to-day's Fashion will hang without a wrinkle. And yet,—and here's the genius of it—*it positively does not bind*, all through a clever trick in the making.

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¶ Beginning next January, 1909, the price of The Theatre Magazine will be increased to 35 cents a copy, and the yearly subscriptions to $3.50.

¶ We will accept all new subscriptions for one or two years at the present price of $3.00, but only up to the first of January, 1909.

¶ Our old subscribers may send similar renewals from the date that their present subscription expires.

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(*Continued from page xxi*)

entertained by the adventures of a girl, depicted in illustrated supplements, so charming because of her beauty that she drew swarms of men about her and was forced to give up her positions. This person was Fluffy Ruffles. It was inevitable that she should reach the stage. A story loosely thrown together by Mr. J. J. McNally serves as a vehicle for her appearance. The action is pieced out with songs and choruses and dances and specialties. The piece is without significance except for some of the individual performances. It was well that care was taken to provide the play with these individual safeguards. Hattie Williams as the girl of charms meets the requirements.

BROADWAY. "ALGERIA." Musical play in two acts by Victor Herbert and Glen MacDonough. Produced Aug. 31 with this cast:

Zoradie, Miriam, Ida Brooks Hunt; General Petitpons, William Pruette; Captain De Lome, Geo. Leon Moore; Millicent Madison, M.D., Harriet Burt; C. Walsingham Wadhunter, George Marion; Van Cortlandt Parke, Ernest Lambart; Trainor Crewe, Randall Davey; Mrs. Billings F. Cooings, Florence Nash; Mr. Billings F. Cooings, Eugene P. Arnold; Mimi, May Willard; Nella, Grace Rankin; Zaphirie, Katherine Howland; Aouda, Madge Richardson; Mirzah, Carolyn Barber; Lakme, Jane Grover; Lieut. Bertrand, Richard M. Dolliver; Lieut. Dubonnet, Franklin Foster.

In everything that pleases the eye and delights the ear "Algeria" is an operatic production that exemplifies the supreme skill of the stage manager, costumer, ballet master and composer of the present day. These contributors to the modern entertainment which we call an opera have shown unusual skill and taste. The outlay for the success achieved has been lavish. Some of the effects, such as the storm, are in a manner irrelevant, but none the less unusually striking in themselves. The ballet with song of *Little Bird of Paradise*, the dresses being designed in Paris, alone compensates for many of the banalities of the book. Mr. MacDonough has succeeded in supplying some detached bits of humor, but his story has no intelligible consistency. Mr. Herbert's music is charming.

LYRIC. "GLORIOUS BETSY." Play in four acts by Rida Johnson Young. Produced Sept. 7. Cast:

Betsy Patterson, Mary Mannering; Eliza Monroe, Helen Macbeth; Miss Ellen Massenbird, Maude T. Gordon; Etta, Gertrude Clemens; Aunt Hannah, Clara Lester; Capt. Jerome Bonaparte, George W. Howard; Napoleon Bonaparte, Claude Brooke; William Patterson, Herbert Carr; John C. Calhoun, Charles Clary; Sir Henry Blake, Edward Trevor; Henry Clay, Addison Pitt; George Preston, Harrison Ford; St. Pierre, Harry Driscole; Du Fresne, Edw. Langford; De Langiac, Thos. David.

The vanity of seeking a metropolitan indorsement has wrecked many a theatrical venture of modern value. If the star is strong in the provinces he will often carry a vehicle that will not stand the strain of real critical examination. A case in point is that of "Glorious Betsy," a four-act comedy by Rider Johnson Young, which Mary Mannering has presented with profit before out of town audiences for more than a year past. Its record here at the Lyric has not been over brilliant. As a historical document it is worthless. On the stage the Betsy Patterson, who married Napoleon's brother, is not a little bit like the Belle of Baltimore, but she is a picturesque figure and moves amid scenes that are scenically showy. The four acts detail how Jerome Bonaparte masquerading as a teacher of French won Betsy's love; how she and her father traveled to France to seek the Emperor's favor; how it was refused, how the lovers triumphed, however, and were happy ever after; something entirely dissimilar from the real facts in the case. The title rôle, however, is one that would undoubtedly appeal to a star with a charming personality. This is an asset that Miss Mannering possesses to a very positive degree. She is delightful as the capricious and rollicking daughter of the South; while the serious demands on her art are so slight that one as facile and expert as she easily manages to make the most of the attenuated material at hand.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity has made it famous."

HUDSON. "THE CALL OF THE NORTH." Play in four acts by George Broadhurst, founded on Stewart Edward White's story, "Conjuror's House." Produced Aug. 24 with this cast:

Ned Trent, Robert Edeson; Galen Albret, De Witt Jennings; Arthur Rand, Thomas McGrath; Robert Rand, Francis Byrne; Dr. Cockburn, Lawrence Eddinger; John MacDougall, David Torrence; Sandy MacTavish, Robert Peyton Carter; Achille Picard, Macey Harlam; Rev. Archibald Crane, Grant Mitchell; Me-en-gan, Burke Clarke; Matthews, James B. Garfield; Placide, M. W. Chambers; Virginia Albret, Marjorie Wood; Mrs. Brockton, Olive Oliver; Julie Bagineau, Beatrice Prentice; Wishkobun, Helen Dahl.

A dramatization of Mr. Stewart Edward White's story, "Conjuror's House," by Mr. George Broadhurst, under the title of "The Call of the North," was produced at the Hudson Theatre with Mr. Robert Edeson as the leading character in it. The piece failed to please, however, and was soon withdrawn.

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